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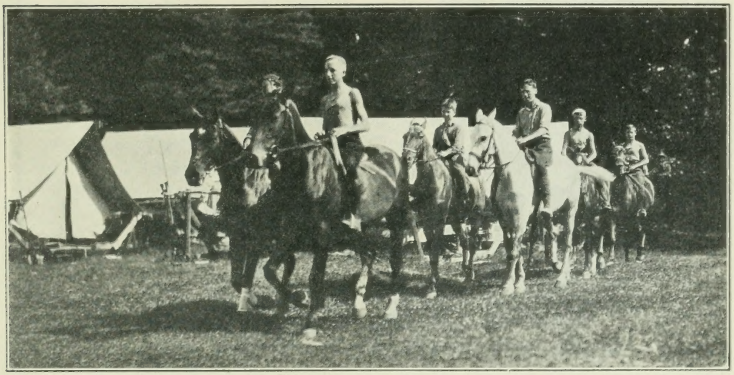
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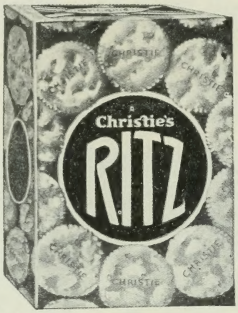
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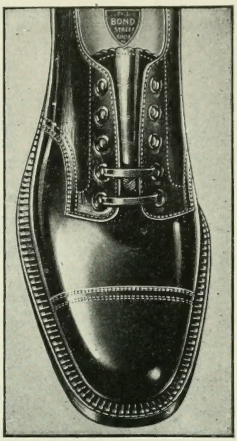
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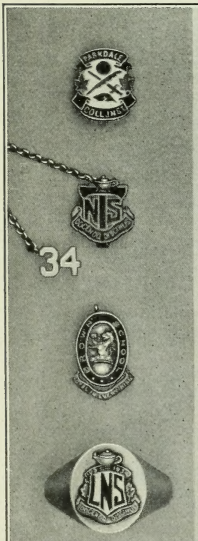
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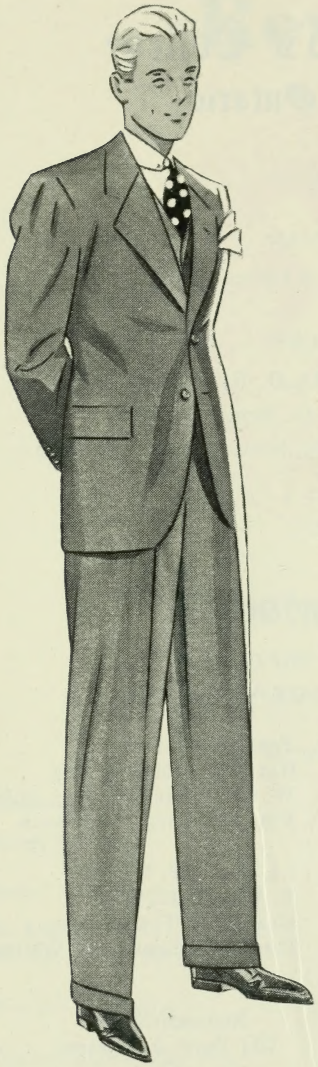
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Christmas 1935

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Old St. Andrew's

Fighting on the fields of Knowledge,
With his back against the wall,
In the far-off days at College
Many a gallant lad did fall.
Played St. Andrew's! Old St. Andrew's!
In the world there's room for all.

On the moonlit plains of Flanders,
And on France's blackened soil,
Everywhere our spirit wanders
Rest these warriors from their toil.
Rest, St. Andrew's, Old St. Andrew's,
To your Country ever loyal!

We who have as yet no mission
Comfort's easy path to leave,
Ne'er forget the high tradition
We from you must needs receive.
Played St. Andrew's! Old St. Andrew's!
Ours the Laurel Crown you weave!

E. C. B.

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THE OLD ROSEDALE HOME OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
1905-1926

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1935

WITH the publication of this issue we commemorate the Centennial of the St. Andrew's College Review.

Christmas, 1901, marked the appearance of the first edition, and after a period extending over thirty-four years, the Review has developed into one of the finest school papers published in Canada.

How inspiring it is to turn back the pages of old Reviews, to read of the achievements of our predecessors on the playing fields of St. Andrew's and the battlefields of France. The intrinsic value of the Review is then realized as a chronicle of the school's life.

The objects of the Review have remained similar to those set forth in the first Editorial—"to encourage the boys to literary work, such as composing essays, short stories and poems; to give them a business education as well; and to improve the mind of the reader."

While written and edited in its entirety by the boys, it would be impossible to attribute the success of the magazine to them alone. Great credit is due to those masters who have always lent their sound judgment and advice. We extend our appreciation most especially to Mr. W. A. Findlay who, while never identifying himself with the Review, has always

worked untiringly on its behalf. And at the same time we must mention Miss Daisy and Miss Bessie Brookes, who have placed themselves so willingly at the disposal of the Review, and others who have worked unremittingly and are entitled to our thanks.

A special department has been devoted to the reprinting of a number of articles which have appeared in earlier Reviews. These are representative for the most part of the contributions made by outstanding literary students in the past, and have been selected with an eye to their length and propriety.

* * * *

There have been several changes in the Academic Staff of the School.

Mr. Noyes, who joined the Department of Modern Languages in 1933, has returned to the University of Toronto for a post-graduate course in Honour English. The School will remember him, not only as an excellent teacher, but as a most active President of the Literary Society. In this office he worked indefatigably, and the success which it enjoyed can be attributed largely to him.

The vacancy caused by the departure of Mr. Noyes has been efficiently filled by Mr. W. B. Ross, who comes to St. Andrew's College with a high scholastic record.

While in attendance at Dalhousie University he achieved the unusual distinction of winning a Rhodes Scholarship which entitled him to continue his studies at Oxford University. Having travelled extensively on the Continent, Mr. Ross is an accomplished linguist. Thus he is fully qualified for his position at St. Andrew's, where he has already gained the interest and respect of the boys.

The School has been fortunate in the acquisition of Mr. Geoffrey O'Brian, who is assisting with the instruction of the Fourth Form and General Course as well as being Master-in-charge of Memorial House.

Mr. O'Brian formerly practised in Toronto as a Barrister-at-Law and is a Director of the de Havilland Aircraft Company of Canada. A noted aviator, his reputation has preceeded him, and he needs no further introduction.

Throughout the football season, Mr. O'Brian coached the Third Team most successfully.

The boys of Memorial House extend their thanks to both Mr. and Mrs. O'Brian for their frequent kindnesses.

* * * *

We heartily welcome Miss Evelyn Robertson to the Upper School, where she is ably fulfilling the position of Matron, recently vacated by Miss L. K. Knowles.

A graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, her domestic duties are attended to most efficiently. Miss Robertson's cheerful disposition has won for her the esteem and friendship of all.

* * * *

The School, through the medium of the Review, takes its first opportunity of congratulating Mr. M. G. Griffiths on his recent marriage to Miss Malvina Astor Dinehart of New York City. We extend to them both our very best wishes for their future happiness.

* * * *

We extend to all our readers the age-old wish for a very Happy Christmas and a most prosperous New Year and take pleasure in presenting this, the One Hundredth Edition of the St. Andrew's College Review.

Editor-General.



A Christmas Carol

IT is the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. And yet this charm manifests itself still more on a winter's night when we are seated before an open fireplace, the hollow blasts of wind rumbling down the chimney or sweeping vainly outside.

And so it was that Michael prepared unspiritedly for a tramp to the post office with the last batch of Christmas cards.

"I'll be back in a little while!" he cried, but it was fortunately spent upon a gust of wind that caused the chandelier crystals to ring derisively before he could slam the door.

The moaning of the wind had been deceptive; the air was not bitterly cold, but invigorating. The newly fallen snow lay deep and soft upon the ground, muffling the roar of downtown traffic.

Michael, finding the weather agreeable and having fulfilled his mission, directed his steps towards the park where he might escape the bustling pavements and yet observe the multitude of Christmas shoppers.

Entering the gate was like passing into another world. It had the mournful desolation of a graveyard, and yet within its bounds moved the sombre figures of men,—friendless and disconsolate men, for whom the festive season held no happiness.

Stirred by this remarkable contrast, Michael crossed over to a bench and sat down beside the lone occupant, who remained as immovable as the stone images that surmounted the gate-heads of the park.

Through the iron fence and snow-ladened shrubs could be seen a stream of people, radiating joviality as they hurried homeward to their families. Michael wondered to what sort of dwellings these sullen characters would return that night. The true sanctity of a home would not be theirs; there would be no room filled with the glow and warmth of an evening fire, nor would there be any rejoicing at their homecoming, but in its place glances of contempt and despair from an anxious wife with her destitute family. Little wonder these men dared not face the outside world, but must come out like bats, in the darkness of the night.

The man beside him, while not poorly dressed, seemed to Michael almost Scrooge-like in his appearance. Life for him would be no more than eking out a precarious livelihood and meeting the demands of a landlord each month.

This man rose to go and Michael's meditations were interrupted as he watched the retreating figure vanish slowly into the shadows.

Almost at the same instant another figure rounded the corner and bore down upon Michael, who was now sitting alone.

This individual, well dressed and young but scarcely more cheerful,

threw himself down on the bench with a volley of expletives apparently designed to draw some comment from Michael, who simply asked if anything was wrong.

"Anything wrong!" echoed the other forcibly. "Everything is wrong. I have never done such a stupid thing in all my life, and that contains a multitude of mistakes."

"That's too bad," sympathized Michael. "What did you do that was so stupid?"

"It all sounds so impossible and yet it is absurdly true. I arrived in town this afternoon with the address of the hotel where I was going to stay over Christmas. I got there only to find the place torn down and a theatre run up on the site. So I jumped into a taxi and the driver took me to another small hotel. I left my bags in the room and came out to get some cigarettes. Somehow or other I wandered further away than I realized and when I finally bought the cigarettes and turned to go back, I found myself hopelessly lost without even knowing the name of the hotel. I have never been in this city before and have consequently been wandering aimlessly around for more than two hours."

Here he paused dramatically and threw up his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Well, you can't sleep here to-night, that's obvious," remarked Michael guardedly. "What do you expect to do?"

"I don't expect to do anything," was the grim reply, "unless I find some kind chap who will take stock in my story and lend me a couple of dollars until I can find my bearings."

"I would be glad to oblige you, but—"

The young man sat forward eagerly on the bench.

"—But can you produce that package of cigarettes?"

The aspirant borrower leapt to his feet and conducted a frantic but unrewarded search through all his pockets. He muttered something about having lost them as well as himself, and turning, scudded back along the path in the direction from which he had come.

Michael thought, "Clever fellow, I wonder how many people have fallen victim to his artifice."

But now a fresh wind was blowing, and the snow whirled in fitful eddies around him. Michael rose to go, but as he stood up an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips. There, lying upon the snow, was a package of cigarettes!

Realizing the truth contained in the youth's story, he seized the package and raced away down the path after him. On a street corner he caught a glimpse of his quarry who was about to board a street-car.

Catching him by the arm, Michael began breathlessly, "I'm awfully sorry about refusing you. I found this just after you left. Here are a

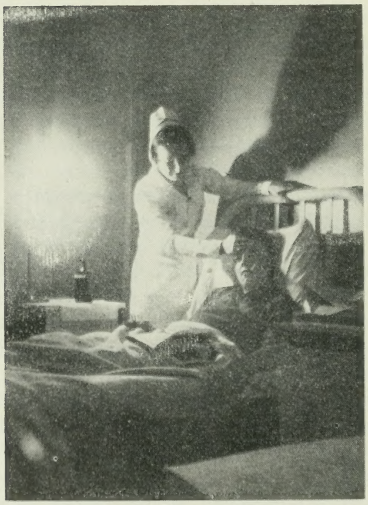
couple of dollars, and my card. Return the money any time next week. Lucky for you I saw it!" he cried as he pressed the notes into the hand of the astonished recipient, who just managed to spring into the car as the doors closed in Michael's face.

Humming a Christmas tune, Michael set out briskly for home, taking a short cut through the park. As he stamped and wheezed along the path, he came once more to the spot where this little episode had been enacted. Here, kicking at the snow and prodding beneath the bench, was an old man whom Michael recognized as his earlier fellow-occupant.

"Have you lost anything?" asked Michael.

"Yes," was the reply, "a package of cigarettes."

A. S. Thompson I,
Lower VI.



French Exam. To-day?

The Bermuda Trip

AS the train shunted slowly out of the Union Station, we let loose a mighty cheer. Ten hours ago the majority of us had been writing our last Matriculation Exam, but now all that was forgotten. To the fifteen boys, chosen to represent the school on the first Cricket tour in its history, it was the beginning of the summer holidays and the beginning of two glorious weeks in Bermuda.

Not without long hours of planning had the idea become a reality, due largely to the executive work of the Headmaster, who was in charge, and the co-operation of our Old Boys in Bermuda, who drew up the schedule of games and arranged hundreds of details which could only be done from that end. Their enthusiasm played the supreme part in the success of the tour.

New York! Swallowing a hasty breakfast, we were soon scattered in that famous city visiting the Empire State Building, Radio City, Fifth Avenue, Broadway in our attempt to crowd a week's sight-seeing into a few hours.

And then the stately "Monarch". No need to describe our embarking. To those who have made the trip it is not necessary, while to those who have not, no words I could write would do justice to the huge mob, the piles upon piles of luggage, the noise and the vast confusion—especially the latter, everybody rushing about looking for lost pieces of luggage, staterooms, pursers and the bar.

The boat-trip was as perfect as comfortable accommodation, good meals, a smooth sea, and plenty of amusement could make it. On the second morning we sighted Bermuda. Many miles away, like a speck in a vast sea of water, this small group of islands reflecting the early-morning sun from its low hills was an awe-inspiring sight. To most of us it seemed like a miracle that after sailing for two days and nights seeing nothing excepting myriads of flying fish, we should so unerringly strike this tiny pearl in its lonely setting.

To pass lightly over the next few hours, which involved landing, customs and transport, we found ourselves comfortably settled at the Langton Hotel, on top of one of the highest hills on the island, with a splendid view over Hamilton and the harbour. As our first game was scheduled for the next day, we had a short net practice and spent the remaining time procuring bicycles, the usual method of transportation, and in swimming and sight-seeing.

The next morning dawned dull and threatening, and the game which was to begin in the morning, was postponed until the afternoon. In the

meantime we were entertained at a luncheon given by the Old Boys, where we were also honoured by the presence of the Governor of Bermuda. The luncheon was superb and the Governor's short welcoming speech was typical of the generous hospitality we received during our entire visit.

Saltus Grammar School were the opposition in our first game, which proved to be a fairly easy win by six wickets. Batting first, Saltus were all out for 74 against the fine bowling of Pentland, who took six wickets for 17 runs. Against good bowling we lost only four wickets in compiling the necessary runs, Cox batting steadily for 30. A word about the playing creases which are made of solid concrete about four feet wide and covered by a mat. Naturally this type of wicket is a good deal faster than that to which we were accustomed, the ball coming up quickly and



at a rather sharp angle. This fast wicket tends to develop fast bowling and although we found ourselves against some of the fastest we had ever faced, the way the younger members of the team stood up to it was extremely creditable.

Our second game against a strong Dock-Yard eleven almost proved disastrous, although, thanks largely to the fine all-round play of Rowan, we managed to salvage a draw. The Dock-Yard eleven batted first, but keen fielding and strong bowling dismissed them two short of the century, Rowan taking five wickets and Pentland four. But with three wickets down for one run, we looked to be lucky to score half that number, until Rowan and Birks made a stand bringing our score up to 58 before Rowan was bowled on the last ball of the game. He made 21 and deserves a lot of credit for his fine exhibition at a critical moment.

The next day we turned in a much better performance against a Bermuda Athletic Association team, whose numbers included at least four members of the team which was to represent Bermuda on their tour through Canada. B.A.A. batting first declared after scoring 179 for six wickets, but unfortunately stumps were drawn with our score at 120 for eight wickets. Birks, with 31 runs, played a superb innings, scoring easily all around the wicket, and Pentland made a forceful 24.

One of the high lights of our visit was the trip to the Mid Ocean Golf Club, reputed to be the third best in the world, on invitations kindly given us by the Governor. We set out early in the morning on our, by now, familiar bicycles, arriving about noon. The sun being too powerful for golf, we wasted time on the beach, where, incidentally, we enjoyed the best surf-bathing of the trip. Lunch and then golf followed on what was without doubt the most picturesque and interesting course the majority of us had ever played. However, some fine scores were turned in, Pentland's 83 taking the individual prize, although Armstrong was not far behind with 86.

Our first and only defeat was against the Manchester Regiment, one of the strongest teams on the island. The Regiment scored 240 for 7 wickets, while we were able to compile only 81, of which the less said the better. However, what was without doubt the finest innings of the tour was made by McColl, who going in first, played through almost the entire innings for a beautiful 37. The bowling was the best we were up against and without McColl, our score would have been meagre indeed.

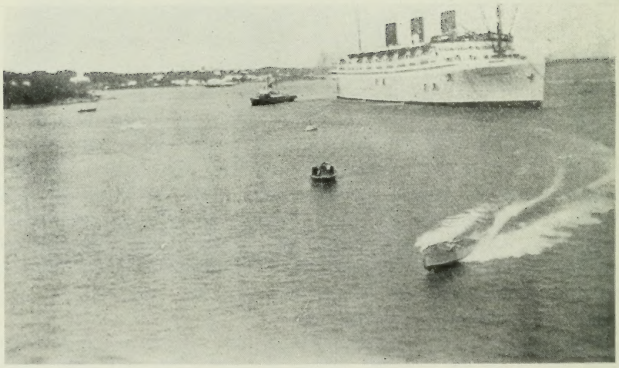
We entered our final game eager to make up for our dismal showing of the day before and this time batted first. Suffice it to say that of our eleven batters, eight made double figures, and we finally declared with 179 for nine wickets, Box being high man with 29. We followed this up by dismissing their entire side for 69.

That night, the last of our visit, Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum and the team entertained at the Langton for the Old Boys. The dinner was a huge success, climaxed by the singing of all the School songs. A short speech by Mr. Ketchum, thanking the Old Boys for their marvellous hospitality, was followed by the presentation of a bat given by Audrey and Buster Lightbourne in token of the best average made by a member of the tour while in Bermuda. This was won by Birks, who playing his first year on the team, deserves great credit for a fine showing.

All too soon we found ourselves on the boat again. A grand visit among grand people had finally ended and as the beautiful islands slowly disappeared there was not one of us who did not promise himself to return, be it five, ten or twenty years later.

May we take this opportunity of publicly expressing the team's appreciation to our Old Boys, who entertained us so frequently during our visit. To all those who made the trip, the happy associations and new friendships will long be remembered.

PETER C. REA, '35,
Captain Cricket Eleven, 1935.



The Monarch arriving in Bermuda Harbour.

The Canadian Rockies

THE Canadian Rockies, which I visited this summer, are renowned the world over for their grandeur.

The first knowledge I had that I was approaching the mountains was the gradual substitution of the flat monotonous prairies by green slopes and shady valleys. Then in the blue haze of the distant horizon I perceived a dark shape which resembled a cloud. As I came nearer, the outline became more distinct. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, I caught a glimpse of a glittering peak, and it was thus that I got my first view of the "Land of Beauty". The purple faded into dark brown, the outline growing more distinct, as our train swept into the pass shadowed by towering crags. A feeling of wonder overwhelmed me at the thought of the pioneers who had the courage to build a railroad through this seemingly impassable barrier. And then we steamed into Banff, the entrance to the National Parks. This town is unique in Canada as being the only one which has no mayor or controllers, all the administration being left to the Commissioner of Parks. The hotel, which is designed so as to be in keeping with the surrounding country, is situated at the top of the valley at the junction of the Bow and Spray Rivers, which unite and, with many turns, flow through the golf course.

One evening I took a canoe, and paddling up the Bow River turned into one of its tributaries, which took its course through an overshadowing forest.

As I paddled along not a sound broke the stillness of the twilight hour save the soft swish of the water. On every side the snow-capped mountains stood calm and majestic; thus they had been in the time of the primeval Indian. Then like coming out of a tunnel I turned a bend and saw before me a quiet lake.

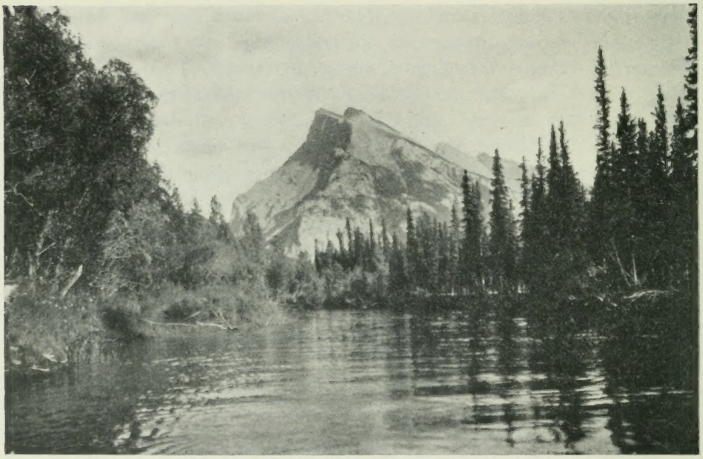
The clouds took on a tinge of purple; the peaks were crowned with a halo of varied hues as the sun sank slowly behind the dark pine-clad shores. Regretfully I turned my bow for home.

Suddenly a sound broke the spell. Startled, I turned and saw a sleek beaver sliding into the water. Forgetting everything, I gave chase. It dived to reappear upstream. I followed it, and again it dived. This performance was repeated several times. Once it swam right beside the canoe. Tiring of the sport, it smacked its broad tail in a farewell salute and disappeared to one of its many secluded hiding places. Later I again saw a beaver making its meal on the bark of a tree. It was very tame and was not the least disturbed by my approach. Having dined, it leisurely

waddled to the river and swam slowly upstream, where it was met by another beaver who swam along beside it.

In the animal paddock I saw for the first time the buffaloes, which are threatened by extinction, but once roamed the prairies in tens of thousands. There were also some yaks, originally imported from Siberia. In appearance they resemble a cross between a horse and a cow.

Horseback riding is one of the principal recreations, and many trails lead to picturesque spots which cannot be reached by automobile. I would like to tell of one ride especially, which I think was not only the most beautiful, but also the most interesting.



The guide took me along a trail beside the Bow River, which at one point rushes through a chasm of sheer rock. We wound our way, climbing steadily. Soon we left the beaten track, and, after fording a mountain stream, slowly climbed the rocky slopes, which, to my inexperienced mind, seemed very steep. A small herd of elk crossed our track, and, startled, darted out of sight. Then a black bear swung onto the path, and catching sight of us, sat bolt upright, his head cocked to one side. After riding for over two hours we reached the summit of the mountain. There at my feet spread miles of country, rivers, valleys and lakes, all forming an intricate pattern. Everything was on such a magnificent scale that the impression of size and distance was entirely lost. The path home, after the first descent, lay through the woods, and several times we caught sight of the timid deer.

But all too soon I had to leave Banff, and move on to Lake Louise. The road climbed steadily up to the Great Divide, which is on the border of British Columbia. The sight of the small river which divides into two streams, the one flowing to the Atlantic, the other into the Pacific, was something which has left an unforgetable memory in my mind. That afternoon we motored up the Yoho Valley. The peaks were veiled by gradually lowering clouds. It was an eerie sight to see them coming slowly towards us. When they reached us, it began to snow. The type of trees was also changing; whereas the fir trees had been short and stubby, they now rose graceful and slender.

Finally I reached Lake Louise. There before me spread one of the most beautiful of all sights. Sombre forests, glittering glaciers, sullen rocks, were all mirrored in the bright blue surface of the lake. Truly it has earned the title of "The Pearl of the Rockies".

The scene was transformed with the rising of the moon. The Victoria Glacier took on an unearthly white. The mountains, dark and beetling, rose on both sides. The lake alone sparkling and glittering seemed to be alive.

I arose very early to see the sunrise. The first indication I had was the lighting up of the clouds. The glacier became a mass of colour, the golds and reds blending in a perfect harmony of natural hues. Gradually the world awoke. The birds began their endless caroling, and the lake once again dazzled the eye with its ever changing beauty. And so I left Lake Louise and, after visiting Jasper, set out for home.

My last impression of the Canadian Rockies was of the greatest of all the mountains, snow-clad Mount Robson. Silent, lonely, and watchful, it reared its lofty head above the clouds. The white peak softened into purple as darkness fell and then the mountains became only a memory.

F. F. McEachren,
Upper VI.

Lemab La Rhone

OLD LEMAB LA RHONE always used to say, "'E who laffs de las allays 'as de mos' boist'rus guffaw". In the past few years I have grown more and more to respect this maxim, the byword of an old philosopher. For philosopher he was.

Lemab was of French descent. His age was, I would roughly judge, sixty-five years; but he was still a young man. He had his peculiarities; most men, you must admit, have. Born in a tiny French-Canadian settlement, little Lemab had known the deprivation and hardship of inherent poverty, but he had looked on life with ambition, and society had been kind to him. His success, which was meagre enough, and which nobody would begrudge him, had enabled him to erect a bit of a cabin in the woods in our locality, where, with his heart content, he puttered away the summer months. The winters sent him scurrying, nevertheless, to his brother's farm, a scant seventy miles away.

Lemab loved his cabin. Home was never dearer to any man than to him. His spare hours were always spent on some new nick-nack or other which the old chap hoped might enhance the attractiveness of his abode. He never tired of describing its most recent accoutrements, which might range from a new enamelled doorknob to a lifter for his cook stove.

Late one evening towards the end of autumn I was travelling by canoe down the river on whose banks his cabin was situated, and as a cold, winter wind was sweeping up from the lake, I determined, since I was two hours from home, to drop in on Lemab for the night. Visitors he always welcomed with open arms. He was just in the midst of closing up for the winter, and we sat down to a simple supper amid a general litter. I could see something was preying on his mind.

"Say! yang feller," he began, dropping his fist on the table and permitting his knife to point upwards at an angle, "'Ave you been boddered any wit t'eives durin' de summer?"

I paused, loaded fork in midair.

"N—No," I answered, "only the usual petty pilfering of the Indians. Have you?"

There was silence for a moment, save for the wailing of the pines in the wind. I continued to eat, having a ravenous appetite, but he remained fixed as if lost in thought. He was plainly worrying about his cabin and how it would fare through the long winter, when he would not be here to care for it. As a matter of fact several robberies had been perpetrated in the vicinity recently, but I hated to alarm him by telling him so.

In the middle of a gulp of scalding coffee I happened to catch sight of his eyes. I almost dropped the cannister such was my surprise, for he had half risen, and his face was so contorted and his eyes so terrifying that giddiness seized me and I could only stare at him amazed.

"I'll fix 'em!" he fairly shouted. "Nobody'll git in here dis winter 'n steal my stuff. De old shotgun tied on da beam t'ere and pointin' at the door wit a string from door to tricker—by gollies d'at 'll fix 'em!"

I stared at him horrified.

"You can't mean it?" I demanded.

"You bet I do!" he chuckled in his elation. "Just wait 'n see!"

This enthusiasm bordering on insanity gave me no end of worry during the following weeks. However, there was, shortly after my visit, a most alarming snowstorm, entirely without precedent. The snow was heavy and wet, and having settled over the country like a ponderous water-soaked mantle, froze solid. Fall after fall was precipitated throughout the long winter until small evergreens appeared only as mounds under the snow, and fences were no more. Frequently roofs caved in and in the small community everyone turned out to repair the damage.

One week early in March the awful winter quite suddenly dissolved itself into spring. A sudden thaw, which in the course of a few days transformed the countryside from a sea of white into an ocean of mud and water, wreaked terrible havoc. Cellars were flooded, foundations weakened, even whole houses were carried away. The hills and valleys were left torn and bleeding with deep crevices down their sides, eroded by the floods.

As if on the wash of this disaster, came Lemab.

"My cabin!" were his first words as we met. "My boy, you mus' take me up to it. The roof—d'ose joists weren't so strong—it mus' 'ave fallen through. I mus' know!"

There was no alternative; we had to go. Lemab installed himself in the bow of the canoe and together we pushed our way up the swollen river which was now a veritable torrent, with snags and whirlpools on every side. The old fellow paddled with all the vigour he could muster, almost frantic with anxiety. He had no eyes to marvel at the crushed and fallen trees, the limbs of which, floating in the deluge, retarded our progress.

A sharp bend in the river, unrecognized because it was so disfigured, disclosed the hut. It was standing as straight and true as the day it was built; a huge branch of tremendous proportions hung from the apex of the roof as if in a last vain attempt to batter down man's creation.

Lemab uttered a thankful sob. The bow had scarcely grated on the shore when like a child he leapt from the canoe and ran to his home, key in hand. A moment and he had thrust open the door.

Too late I remembered.

A terrific roar reverberated within. Then silence, broken only when a teetering window pane slithered to the floor with a harsh tinkle. The bent figure of the man twitched convulsively and sank falteringly to the step.

I think I screamed.

We buried poor Lemab la Rhone the following day, a victim of his own diabolical cunning.

N. H. Chapman,
Upper VI.

Books

Majestic volumes, lonely pleasure,—
Legacies of pricelss treasure,
Like oil upon Life's troubled sea,
From storm and strife they set us free.

Silent friends to those in need;
Life itself by them decreed;
Routed by the jeering throng,
In books we find redress for wrong.

Brilliant wit and noble jest
Crush melancholy's stern behest,
For with a book an hour spent
Is one that we shall ne'er repent.

Studious minds have oft remarked
That Reading is the noblest Art.

A. S. T.

Newfoundland

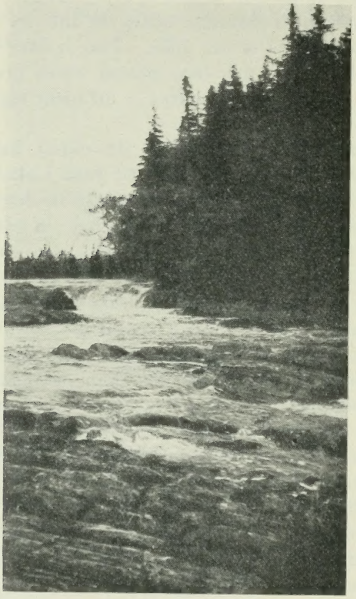
NEWFOUNDLAND lies in the Atlantic Ocean within fifty miles of the eastern coast of North America, directly across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is triangular in shape, and has a total area of forty-two thousand square miles. The shores appear rock-bound from the sea, but many magnificent bays, in some instances running from eighty to ninety miles inland, present scenes of great beauty. The coastal part of the island is very hilly country, while the interior consists of a level plateau broken by ranges of low hills. The surface is studded with a large number of lakes and marshes, around which grow many varieties of berry-bearing shrubs. This makes it an ideal region for thousands of reindeer.

The Dominion of Newfoundland is the oldest British colonial possession, having been discovered in 1497 by John Cabot, an Italian sailor sent out by the English merchants of Bristol in the hope of finding a new route to India and China. Seven years later, in 1504, French sailors from Normandy and Brittany began to fish in the surrounding waters, and to set up small settlements. The first attempt to colonize it by the British was made in August, 1583, by an expedition under Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which failed because of the loss of its leader in a storm. The next attempt was made by a Bristol merchant named Guy, but this expedition met with no better success than its predecessor. In 1616 Lord Baltimore planted a colony at Ferryland, forty miles north of Cape Race. He was, however, attacked so much by the French, that he abandoned it and went to the English colonies in America, where he founded a city, to which he gave his own name. The English fishermen now began to discourage settlement, so that they might retain the monopoly of the fishing. The British government sided with them for a short time and suppressed colonization, but it soon saw its mistake and withdrew its opposition. The attacks of the French also retarded the population of the country, until in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the British gained complete possession. In 1728 Captain Henry Osborne was appointed the first governor of the colony.

Newfoundland is a British colony directly dependent on the Crown. In 1832 it was granted representative government and twenty-three years later, responsible government. It has a governor appointed by the Crown for a term of six years, and a parliamentary government very similar to that of Canada. Its population has risen from ten thousand inhabitants in 1785 to one hundred and eighty-five thousand in 1883, when the last census was taken. The climate is much more temperate than that of the neighbouring part of North America. The land is not

very fertile, but on account of the large rainfall and the great number of fogs it is heavily wooded, mostly with pines and spruces.

The main industry is fishing, because of the proximity of the Grand Banks, the greatest fishing ground in the world. All kinds of fish abound, but the cod is the most common. There is an annual catch of one hundred and fifty million cod, which has a value of fifteen million dollars. The next industry in order of value is sealing, which has an annual value



A Typical Salmon Stream.

of over a million dollars. The seals are obtained by a fleet of ships that set out in March and jam themselves in the icepack off Labrador; the men then leave the ships and slaughter the seals. The skins are the only valuable part of the seal, and so the carcasses are thrown away. Despite this butchery, which has been taking place for eighty years, the herd never seems to diminish in size. Two of the other main industries are the preparation of cod-liver oil and the salmon fishing. The cod-liver oil, which is invaluable as a medicine for colds, is the best in the world

because of the superior quality of the fish. The salmon-fishing trade shows a good profit every year. It is not only a commercial asset in itself, but also on account of the beauty of the streams and the gameness of the fish, it attracts large numbers of tourists every summer. Mining is also carried on, but not on nearly so great a scale as possible. Much greater wealth will be obtained in the future, when all the mines are exploited. At the present time, the only mines which are operated on a large scale are the copper mines situated on the shores of the Bay of Notre Dame.

To the tourist the country itself is very interesting. The capital, St. John's, is very modern, but the fishing villages are very old-fashioned. There is some of the loveliest scenery imaginable to be found in the interior, where great spruce forests and beautiful waterfalls mingle. Partridge hunting and trout and salmon fishing provide excellent sport amid perfect surroundings. It seems a land of countless fogs. For instance, Cape Race, the most south-westerly point of the island, is seen perhaps once in a thousand trips by the passengers on the boats plying between St. John's and Montreal; the rest of the time it is hidden by huge banks of fog that roll in from the sea. There is a lovely residential district in St. John's, and one or two very pretty parks, which form a marked contrast against the barrenness of the surrounding country. The harbour is well protected by a high cliff, on top of which is the coast-guard station, and also a tower erected as a monument to the memory of John Cabot, the discoverer of the country, who claimed it as the first British colony.

D. M. Dickie,
Upper VI.

A Martian Adventure

WHEE-E-E-E-E-E! With a roar I was off! My rocket had begun its 35,500,000 mile journey to the nearest planet! The chances were fifty-fifty that I would reach my destination unharmed, as had been calculated by expert mathematicians. My greatest possibility of failure was that the rocket might be attracted by some unknown body, in which case the odds of my returning to Earth would be definitely against me.

The rocket was shaped like a pencil sharpened at both ends, and having its whole outer surface curved convexly; this in order that its resistance to changes of temperature and pressure might be made as great as possible, and also that the friction between it and the atmosphere might be reduced to a minimum. I expected to reach Mars in 96 hours, as the speed of my rocket was 185 miles per second.

I had provisions only for ten days, as I planned my visit merely as an experimental one. If successful, I would return for a longer visit later. If not, well, I would need provisions no longer. I was armed with a radium-powered force-ray pistol, which could exert a power of three tons for several hours at a time. Thus, I had minimized to the greatest extent possible the chances of failure, as my rocket was indestructible by fire, and affected by no known force except that of gravity.

Throughout the first two days of my flight, I did nothing but test the instruments, time and again. Each gauge drew a graph of its progress, so that, at the end of my journey, I would have a complete record of atmospheric conditions at each level between the two planets. The third day, my gravity instrument showed that I was nearing some large body, which might be Mars. The morning of the fourth day, the speed of my flight so slackened that I shut off the power and allowed gravity to bring me to rest on a strange planet. When my rocket stopped, I opened the door and stepped out, to find how fate had directed my flight.

The sight which met my astonished eyes was at the same time beautiful and deterring. I found myself in a circular basin, many miles in diameter, the edges of which were formed of huge cliffs and peaks. The depression itself appeared to be composed of some transparent substance resembling glass, but so tough and elastic that it was impossible to puncture it. In the very centre stood a huge column, about twice as wide as it was high. As I stood wondering at this, I heard a sudden clattering noise. Instinctively I seized my force-ray, but no sooner had I grasped it than my hand felt a shock of paralysis and I dropped the weapon. Then a section of the transparent surface opened like a door, and a strange creature stepped out, pointing a ray pistol at my body.

The creature which thus welcomed me to Mars resembled a squid in form. Four eel-like tentacles composed its limbs. Two were fitted with pads of flesh, and acted as legs, while the other two were equipped each with two small appendages which served the purpose of fingers. One of these held the weapon which covered me. Supported on top of the limbs was a head, huge and skull-like, with a small mouth, tiny eyes, and almost no nose. The one thing that relieved the repulsiveness of its appearance was a forehead, high and broad, which showed the striking power of the brain within.

Ordering me by signs to enter the cavity, he waited until I had gone in and then followed. Inside I found several more of the creatures, who grouped themselves around me and proceeded to conduct me down a long tunnel, which spiralled downward into the earth. It appeared to wind around the column which I had seen, and to form the main street of the city. Along each side of it had been excavated buildings; houses, schools, churches, and all the structures of a city. After walking for several minutes, my self-appointed guards stopped, and gave me to understand that I was to enter one of the buildings.

The interior of this Martian home was of such a simple construction that I was quite surprised. Where I had expected grandeur and exaggerated colouring, I found everything arranged for the sake of comfort. The colours of walls and furniture were all soft and subdued. The light was supplied by transparent tubes resembling those of electric signs, which shed a soft white brilliance.

After passing through several rooms, I came before a huge portal, which led into a large circular hall with a dome-shaped roof. In the middle of the room stood a magnificent throne, of purple and gold, on which reclined a personage who could be nothing but a king among these creatures. Here my guards left me and I was left alone with this strange being.

He looked at me for several minutes, then summoned my captor. They conversed for several minutes, pointing at me several times. I wondered what would be my fate in this strange terrible land. Finally I heard the king summon someone from behind the throne. A creature like the rest but of immense proportions whose brutal countenance leered with the joy of killing, advanced towards me brandishing a huge club. I stood there paralyzed. He shuffled closer to me. Suddenly he raised his club to strike. I shut my eyes and waited for death. I seemed to see his eyes boring through my closed lids. With a shriek, I leaped up and found myself looking into the wrathful eyes of Mr. Ross. I had overslept!

E. C. Gerhart I,
Upper VI.

Evening

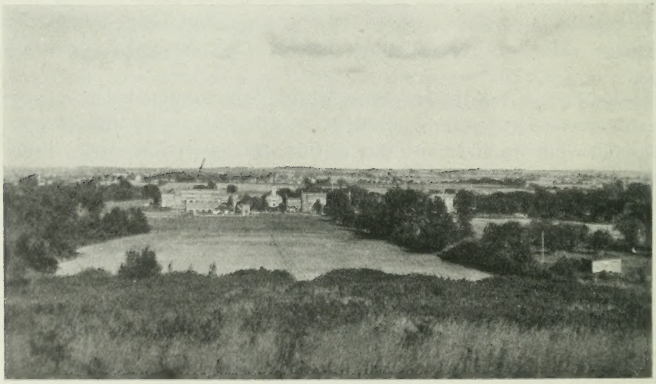
I AM sitting reading on a little mound on a partly wooded hillside that runs down to meet the lake. It is the end of the day, and behind me the sun is sinking slowly among the dark pines.

Out in front of me lies the tranquil lake. There is no sound except that of the wind in the pines and the occasional lowing of the cattle coming down to drink at the water's edge. The light becomes fainter as twilight approaches. I close my book and quietly contemplate the peaceful scene.

From behind an island a sail appears, glistening pure white against the deep blue of the lake. It slips across my picture, making the most of the fast-dying breeze. The sky on the opposite horizon faintly reflects the rich colours of the sunset behind me, and a curl of smoke from among the trees on the mainland betrays some camper's fire. Far out on the lake the gulls have gathered on the water. They seem to have felt the calm and quiet of the scene and have ceased their plaintive crying. Clouds encircle the horizon, but the sky overhead, although no longer a deep azure, is cloudless.

Suddenly the angry cough of a starting outboard engine breaks the spell. Startled from my reverie, I pick up my book and slowly mount the hill.

J. O'Brian,
Form V.



From the Hill-Top *By Chapman*

Retaliation

A SOLITARY pigeon winged its way across the narrow plain. Far above, the movement caught the keen eye of a great peregrine falcon. Slowly she swung directly above her unsuspecting prey. Then, folding her wings, she dropped in a long and powerful stoop. The pigeon exploded in a burst of feathers. The falcon spread her mighty wings to check her rapid descent and flew back to her eyrie among the crags with the carcass of the pigeon clutched firmly in her claws.

Her arrival was greeted with a terrified squawking. She quickened her flight and the torn remains of one of her young on the ledge told its own story. Some animal had found a path to her nest of sticks, and while she was hunting had slain one of the young birds. Her mate had been killed by the guns of the men who lived on the other side of the plain. Now, with this new menace, she would find it harder to obtain food for herself and the remaining nestling.

After that day the falcon sat on guard, watching for danger from a high pinnacle of rock. She never left sight of the nest for one minute, killing only those birds which ventured too near. Several times she had caught a glimpse of the reddish-brown body of her enemy. The sly fox was waiting for the day when she would be forced to fly farther afield for food.

One day as she sat brooding on her perch, a plan to outwit the fox formed in her mind. Glancing in all directions she seemed to satisfy herself that no danger was lurking nearby. Then she lazily flew towards the west. When out of sight, she circled and, flying low, sped back to her nest. A small pass in the mountains opened onto the ledge where she had her home. The fox had reached the nest when a shrill scream forced him to look up. He snarled his defiance and stood his ground. The falcon was determined to kill or to be killed. The fox realizing this, turned to run down an obscure path to safety.

Scream after scream echoed among the crags as again and again the falcon failed to catch the dodging invader. Ahead lay security for the fox, in the form of a small crevice in the rocks. The falcon redoubled her efforts. Feigning another stoop the falcon waited for the fox to dodge. Fixing her sharp claws in his shoulder and neck she repeatedly drove her strong beak into his head. After satisfying herself that her foe was dead, she deliberately and leisurely tore his body to shreds.

Her madness satiated, she returned to the eyrie. The young falcon was unhurt. She would not find it difficult now to furnish food for herself and her family.

W. H. Brydon, I
Upper VI.

Sunrise

A creeping beam appears at East
Already sensed by bird and beast,
Whose early calls in air so clear
Are plainly heard from far and near.

A wid'ning ray disperses haze;
The waning stars so wistful gaze
As orange pools of copper spread,
The edges still a clinging red.

A sudden burst of golden hue—
The Sun is up, the sparkling dew
Reflects the sunbeams in their play;
The first to bring us light of Day.

We pause, we look, the world is bright;
No longer are we cloaked by night—
The Earth has wakened, as from the dead,
And glorious Day stands in its stead.

N.H.C.

Tobacco Growing in Ontario

WHILE tobacco growing in Ontario was carried on only in a small way until within the last seven or eight years, it has now developed into the major industry of Norfolk and the surrounding counties south of Brantford. Some years ago, since the land in this district was quite unfavourable for ordinary farming, land experts were sent to ascertain what crops could be best grown on the soil. The ground was found to be almost identical to that of Virginia, where so much Flue-Cured tobacco is being raised. It was in this manner that



tobacco growing was originated in Ontario, and now several millions of pounds are exported yearly to Great Britain and Ireland.

About April 1st the seed is planted in the greenhouse, where it remains till the plant reaches a height of approximately three inches. An amazingly small quantity of seed is used, three or four ounces being sufficient for about thirty-five acres; and as these seeds are so very small it is necessary to mix them with fertilizer before sowing or they could not be distributed evenly. From May 24th to the end of the second week in June the planting takes place, and the first thing done is to take up the plants in the greenhouse and place them in boxes ready for the outside planters. The planting machine is operated by three people; one drives, while the other two insert the plants in the holes dug by the

machine, and after a pint of water has been put in the hole, it is covered up. In work of this kind mules are generally used, as they are much steadier and travel at a slower pace.

By the end of July these plants have grown to a height of about four feet, when it is necessary to top them so that the strength of the plant will go into the leaves: this also causes the plant to mature earlier. The ground is carefully cultivated during all this period of growth and the plants are treated for certain insects, such as the cut-worm. When the top is broken off suckers begin to grow; these have to be removed to give the plant all possible nourishment.

About the end of the first week in August, when the leaves begin to show a faint tinge of yellow, the harvesting commences. The lower leaves of the plant mature first; therefore the pickers begin at the bottom and work up to the top as each leaf is ready. After being picked the leaves are placed in slides, which are narrow wooden sleighs with canvass tops, and in these they are taken to the kilns. Before they are put into the kilns the leaves are tied in bunches and hung over laths; then they are placed across the rafters of the kiln. In each of these kilns there are usually twelve hundred sticks, which weigh when cured about eighteen hundred pounds. The furnaces underneath the rafters are then lit and the temperature is gradually raised to approximately 185 degrees. During this process the leaves lose all their moisture and turn a bright yellow colour. The temperature is then lowered, and by about the fourth day the leaves have absorbed enough moisture out of the air so that they can be handled without breaking.

While the leaves are still in the kilns agents come and inspect and grade the tobacco so that when the market opens a fair price may be set. The leaves are then taken to the barns, where they remain till they are purchased. The price of the tobacco in this condition is from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound. Nowadays there are very few private growers, as most of them have sold out to large companies with which they are unable to compete. In most cases tobacco can not be grown for two years in succession in the same field, as the land is quickly impoverished and would soon be entirely useless for such a crop. In large companies tenants are hired from Virginia to come to Canada to grow a crop. These tenants are supplied with all their equipment and seed and fertilizer, and all they do is to pay for extra labour. At the end of the season the profits are shared on a fifty-fifty basis, one half to the company and the other half to the tenant.

J. D. Kennedy I,
Upper VI.

Futilité

SI quelqu'un parmi vous veut jamais apprendre à parler français comme on le parle à Paris, qu'il se rappelle le cas du Français qui décida d'apprendre à parler anglais comme on le parle à Londres. Un remarquable succès suivit son premier effort, mais quand il commenca à rencontrer des mots tels que "Saskatchewan" et "inimitable", sa première impulsion fut de quitter l'Angleterre pour la France et d'abandonner pour toujours ces terribles combinaisons alphabétiques. Cependant son tuteur lui persuada de rester en Angleterre encore quelques semaines.

Mais un jour qu'il flânait le long de la rue Fleet, se demandant pourquoi il était venu à Londres, il s'arrêta devant le bureau du "Daily Mail". Levant les yeux, il rencontra une série de lettres lumineuses qui s'imprimèrent sur son cerveau surmené; il recula, chancelant, haletant. Redevenu maître de soi-même il rentra précipitamment chez lui. Peu après arriva son tuteur. Notre ami lui annonca qu'il allait retourner immédiatement en France. Le tuteur surpris lui demanda la raison. Le Français lui répondit qu'il venait de voir l'enseigne suivante:—

MUSSOLINI PRONOUNCED INSANE.

R. R. JOHNSTON,
Lower VI.

Monaco

MONACO est une principauté sur la Riviera française, où il y a toujours du soleil et où la mer est toujours bleue. Ce n'est pas pour rien que les Francais l'appellent "La Cote D'Azur"—le panorama accidenté et pittoresque.

Monaco est une très ancienne principauté à l'histoire romantique et colorée. Elle est gouvernée par un prince qu'on appelle le Prince de Monaco. Ce souverain habite dans son palais au-dessus de la mer sur un presqu'île rocheuse qui surmonte le port. Son palais est très ancien et a souvent changé de mains entre les Italiens et les Francais.

La ville principale de Monaco s'appelle Monte Carlo, et c'est là que se trouve le fameux Casino, où se racontent des histoires tristes ou terrifiantes sur les quelques fortunes realisées et les nombreuses fortunes perdues. La Société des Bains de Mer, une société formée par le Casino

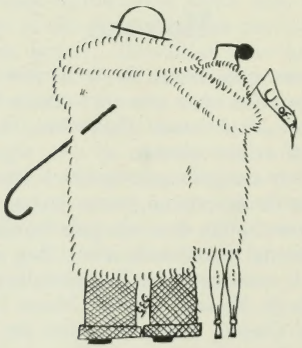
et qui a plus de pouvoirs que le Prince, garde un rigide silence sur ses histoires et tâche d'en arreter la ciculation, mais elle n'y reussit pas toujours.

Il y a à Monaco trois endroits pour jouer ou pour regarder les joueurs déconfits. Il y a le grand Casino ouvert pendant toute l'annee, le Casino d'été ouvert seulement pendant l'été et "Le Sporting Club". Celui-ci est un club très select que fréquente l'élite de Monte Carlo. Les établissements sont toujours remplis et les bateaux trans-atlantiques, qui amènent les touristes à ce fameux rendezvous, sont responsables pour une bonne quantité de l'argent qui vient à Monte Carlo dans les restaurants, les magasins, les Casinos et au "Beach Club".

Ce n'est pas seulement pour s'amuser que les personnes viennent à Monaco. Il y a d'autres attractions. Pour les plus énergiques il y a le "Country Club" avec ses vingt cours de tennis. Pour les personnes qui aiment à jouer au golf il y a un terrain de golf situé à cinq kilomètres de Monaco au-dessus de "Mont Agele". Pour les nageurs il y a le "Beach Club" avec sa piscine merveilleuse et sa plage de sable dorée. Et toujours il y a le soleil qui brille sur une Méditerranée bleue comme un saphir.

C'est pour toutes ces raisons que le monde pense à Monte Carlo comme le bijoux des rendez-vous sur la Riviera.

W. M. Hees,
General Course



St. Andrew's College Review

1901

TO

1934

IN THIS department the Editorial Board presents some extracts from former Reviews. These articles do not pretend to be the best contributions ever made to the Review by their respective writers, but are merely representative of their work. These poems and short stories have been carefully chosen from a wealth of material, and should prove of lasting interest to all members of the school. It is hoped also, that the Old Boys may find many a familiar name or phrase in these, the literary productions of their fellow-Andreans.

St. Andrew's College

By H. G. Langlois, 1899-1901

(*The first article to appear in The Review, 1901*)

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE was founded at Toronto in the year 1899 as a residential and day college under the auspices of the Presbyterian denomination.

The situation for the college could not have been better chosen, and may justly be considered one of the best in every way for this kind of a college. The college has the convenience of lying within the city, yet it possesses beautiful and extensive grounds, which, we may safely say, are unexcelled by those of any similar college. As their name, "Chestnut Park", implies, the grounds are beautified on every hand by scores of large chestnut trees, interspersed with maples, pines, firs and beeches, and also some trees of rarer variety seldom seen in this country.

The first thing to be seen on entering the gate is the carriage drive, otherwise called the bicycle track, which, running through a thick avenue of trees, encircles the campus and front part of the grounds. Let us take a stroll around this path some fine spring morning, shaded by the blossoming chestnut. Walking along we soon get an excellent view of the house through a break in the line of trees. The house is a large, old-fashioned brick building abounding in projecting wings and wide balconies and verandahs, numerous sharp pointed gables and a large glass conservatory running out from the side at which we are looking. Altogether the house is in good keeping with its surroundings and presents a pleasing picture to the eye. Walking on a little farther we see a small summer-house among the trees, which forms a cool and pleasant retreat, protected from the sun by the thick foliage and surrounded by lilies of the valley which grow wild in the cool-shaded ground. Let us now come out from among the trees and take a look at the campus. This is a grass-covered plot of ground about three hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty in breadth, its boundaries marked on every side by the magnificent trees which surround the whole premises. Continuing up the path we soon come to the gate of an apple orchard. This orchard is a commodity which the school is very fortunate in possessing. It is very large and contains all varieties of apples, from northern spies to russets, and is a great source of pleasure to the boys, as well as supplying the school with apple-sauce for the whole winter. At present some of the trees are in full blossom, and others, having cast off their bloom, are already beginning to form their fruit.

Now, take a view of the garden which lies next to the orchard and

is separated from the walk by a low cedar hedge. It is devoted principally to the cultivation of vegetables. Rows of beans, peas, carrots, potatoes and other similar products may be seen springing up. In one corner stands a large and pretentious heap of rhubarb which seems to be one of the most used products in the garden. A number of very fine pear trees also grow here and in a corner an old white windmill raises its head high above the trees. Next we enter upon the school court-yard, which is a gravel paved plot of ground surrounded on three sides by sheds of different kinds, most of them used for storing old lumber, and a few utilized as bicycle sheds. Here is situated also the school gymnasium.



The First School—Chestnut Park
1899-1905

Continuing down the path we soon arrive at the front gate from which we started.

If the visitor should return to see the grounds again in the autumn they would present quite a changed spectacle. The foliage of the maple trees is now turning to a reddish brown color, and the leaves and ripened chestnuts are falling at every breeze. Now is the time for apples, and every day sees the orchard invaded by hungry boys at the risk of punishment, but, of course, this does not deter them. But as the months advance the December frost strips the trees of their foliage, and the long-threatened

snow begins to fall, advancing silently but surely and covering the earth with its white coat. The whole effect is rather cold and dreary, especially the leafless trees which stand sharply outlined against the white background. The grounds seem to have a changing beauty for every season as each imprints its mark only to be erased by the next.

As to the history of the college, a few words will suffice as St. Andrew's has only been in existence for two years, and has still to make most of its history. It was founded in 1899, as before stated, and opened on September the 10th of that year with an attendance of about fifty boys, about fifteen of whom were boarders. Doctor Bruce was the first principal and the staff consisted of five masters, the school being divided into four forms. At the beginning of the winter term about fifty new boys were added to the attendance. During the term the staff was increased by another master, Mr. Davy, and a fifth form was also formed. As Dr. Bruce was forced through ill-health to resign his position, Rev. D. B. Macdonald was chosen as principal and has since ably filled the position. During the spring term the school was brought into more prominence than before and the garden party held at the closing created a very favorable impression of the college as a whole. In September the school re-opened with an attendance of over eighty boys, about thirty-four of whom were boarders, and a separate house for junior boys was opened up under the care of Dr. Meyer, which has turned out to be quite a success. In this term a sixth form was organized for boys taking honor matriculation and first year Varsity work. The beginning of the winter term found a large number of new boys added to the college roll-call. At present the college contains about one hundred boys, about forty-five of these being house boys, and if the remarkable progress of the school continues there will be a large increase in attendance when the school re-opens in the autumn. Apart from mere school work the boys have not been backward in their sports and other organizations which is shown by the reports of different games played in season and by the record of the literary society, but the full history of these is reserved for another page. Altogether can comment very favorably on the great progress of the college since it opened. So far it has been a great success and will continue its successful career as long as directors, masters and boys remain steadfast by their well-chosen motto.

Storm on Muskoka Lakes

By E. Murray Wrong, 1902-1906.

O'er land and lake there lies a stillness dread,
The calm that heralds an approaching storm.
The sun floats, hidden from the darkened earth
By banks of billowy grey, that ominous hang.
The water glitters with uncanny light,
As still as polished steel it brooding lies;
While now and then a distant mutter tells
Of that fierce tempest that will soon break out.
The stillness deepens, and all living things
Fly to their homes. A distant glow of life,
The mutterings draw nearer, while the pines
Shiver with fear at that yet unseen thing.
At last the storm is loosed. With mighty sweep,
And white and brillant flash, the heavens split,
The crash of doom rings out upon its heels.
The winds awake from sleep, and battling rage.
The water leaps as with a whip 'twere struck,
And fiercer still the din, and brighter yet,
Till trees fall headlong to their rotting ruin,
And rain sweeps down with stinging drops of steel
Molten in heaven by lightning's brightest flame.
Thus Nature struggles with her loosened might
Till night subdues the tortured elements,
And calm descends on troubled earth once more.

Life at the New St. Andrew's

By C. Vincent Massey, 1902-1906.

WE ARE now safely ensconsed in the new premises, and the Chestnut Park era is almost forgotten. It is a rather big change to come from the cramped quarters of the old house, but we are gradually becoming accustomed to the new palatial surroundings.

By almost imperceptible degrees the workmen are leaving us, though you would never believe it when you knock your head against a plasterer's ladder and then trip over a paint-pot, and go down stairs quickly. But still they are leaving, there is no doubt of it, and are demonstrating the mighty truth that the Latin-book is mightier than the saw.

Our devoted Old Boys would perhaps find some changes in college life since they left us. They would, of course, be filled with dismay at the disappearance of Sunday afternoon Bible-class—that has gone for good. And they would notice that evening prayers, instead of beginning our lamp-light labors, end them; so, while we used to attempt cheerful prayer in the face of study, now we give thanks because it is over.

The daily routine of our existence may be of interest to outsiders:

At the unholy hour of a quarter after seven a cracked bell of the station restaurant variety rings outside of everybody's door, and nobody hears it. A few minutes later the bell of ecclesiastical design on the gym. roof booms forth, and then the corridor is filled with pleasant remarks about the aforesaid bell. At a quarter to eight there is a stampede of great and small to the dining-room, where breakfast is cussed and discussed. By nine-thirty the daily grind has commenced, and we will pass over the painful details with as few words as possible. Lunch is made way with in a brief half-hour, and after this short struggle for existence there is more "book-learning", until half-past two sees the "playful children just let loose from school".

The deeds of the next three hours depend largely on the moods and manners of the Masters-on-duty. Bounds are now larger than ever, but the road to Yonge Street has the charm of excitement, for in crossing the C.P.R. bridge you run the double risk of being sadly disarranged by a freight train and (must we stoop to slang?) of being "pinched" by a section-man. The terrible loss of Frogley's has been replaced to a certain extent by a tuck-shop within bounds—or practically so! But we are leaving the subject. At six the bell tolls again, and dinner meets its fate. After that the midnight oil is burned in the electric lights from seven to

ten, with prayers at half-time. And then the Simple Life for a day is ended with the measured tread of the watchman.

The historic Tin Building, after a chequered past, is now installed as the college gymnasium. It is delightfully airy and breezy at present, but time will undoubtedly see the roof on. This building, with the bell on top, looks like Ralph Connor's school-houses, and only lacks the pedagogue at the door with birch-rod in hand.

St. Andrew has been standing on his pedestal over the door for some months, and has the distinction of having his photograph taken with the school teams, for the front steps will be the scene of all such pictures hereafter.

Traditions are everywhere springing up around the new buildings, and college spirit is becoming constantly stronger. We are assuredly in the most successful year in the school's history, and we prophesy a bright and glorious future for old Saint Andrew's. Hoot, mon!



Bells

By R. H. Anderson, 1919-1923.

Of all the bells
Whose music swells
O'er quad and green and lawn,
The bell whose thrills
Give me all ills
Is the one which rings at dawn.

(Extract from "A Student's Lament.")

BELLS are found everywhere, no doubt, but there is a particularly large and nefarious group of bells in this, our school. Electric bells, hand bells, clock bells, telephone bells, fire alarm bells and last, but by no means least, the Rising Bell. If you day-boys were boarders, you would love to hear its harsh, jangling note on a cold morning in winter when your bed is warm and the room is not. The pupil and the master alike hear it with this difference, the boy gets up and his master doesn't. Or again, on a Sunday night as you are crossing the second bridge, to hear its lusty peal so rejuvenates you that you break into a run and do not stop until you bump into a master and receive "twenty minutes" for being later and "four hours" for being too previous—but such is life.

At recess time, having waited for thirteen minutes in a creeping line at the tuck shop, your old friend the Bell peals forth once more, and with a nut bar almost within your grasp, you rush back to the class-room, where a master has forestalled you, and instead of the nut bar you get "sixty lines".

Locomotive bells are also a popular St. Andrew's distraction. The master has you keyed up to that point where A-B-C=A+B+C, when clang, clang, up the track comes a lumbering freight, and thirty pairs of eyes start to count cars until the period bell rings. This bell is a ray of happiness between the clouds of learning. It rings, the master goes out, joy comes in! Another master comes in, joy goes out!

There is one bell which always has a welcome note. After two hours' gruelling study in which you have achieved one verb and two gatings, it rings—'Tis the Angelus—The End of a Perfect Day! You quietly close your books and with muffled tread ascend the stairs to seek a well earned rest only to be roused some moments later by that discordant tocsin, the herald of another day.

If we only lived in Germany we would be rid of these bells; they would, doubtless, have been used to make munitions to kill others instead of slowly killing us. After all, bells, I suppose, are necessary evils. They ring at your wedding and at your funeral, and I think I'll like the ones at my funeral best, because I'll not hear them.

Three Pleasures

By J. E. McDougall, 1912-1919.

The dewdrops brightly shining
In the newly risen sun!
The mists are lightly rising
And the day has just begun;
Then the freshness of the morning,
Brings a happy thrill to me,
And I look with brighter aspect
On the days that are to be.

I sit before the yule-log,
And I gaze into the flames;
I watch the goblins dancing
At their weird and roguish games,—
Far outside the storm is raging,
But there's nought can harm me here;
Then the warmth invades my spirit
And my troubles disappear.

But there's yet a greater pleasure,
And it has still greater thrills;
It makes the heart beat faster,
While the soul with gladness fills;
It is when I see those faces,
Faces known so well of yore.
And I grasp the hands of Old Boys,
Just returning from the War.

Cricket vs. Baseball

By George M. Vogt, 1909-1911.

THIS is an exceedingly live question in Canada to-day; and its liveliness is increased when it is discussed in connection with such schools as St. Andrew's. For these schools labor under the disadvantage of desiring to be English, when, as a matter of fact, they are Canadian. They do not realize, in short, that "God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world". They have tried to solve the question by considering it from a purely esthetical point of view—that is, which is the better game?—and not from the more practical point of view—that is, which game is the better adapted to the ideals and genius of the people.

The whole discussion, then, resolves itself into a question, not so much as to which is the better game, but which is better suited to the Canadian, that is, a modified American type of mind. It will not be necessary here to define, in detail, the differences between the Canadian and the English type of mind; suffice it to say, that the Canadian is eminently democratic, whereas the English is as eminently monarchical and tending to a conservatism which, on some points at least, amounts to a pitiful narrowness of intellect. With these two points established—if indeed they may be considered so—who cannot see them reflected in the two games? Cricket is a little monarchy in itself; the batsman is king, and all the rest his faithful ministers and minions. It is a limited monarchy, indeed, for the batsman must have his wits about him; but it is nevertheless a monarchy. It is a personified history of England—if we may imagine such a thing: changes are brought about gradually in the true spirit of Tennyson; one is never, or very seldom, startled into a frenzy of excitement; one may go away to dinner and return to find the king still on his throne, discharging his royal duties with benignity and grace; everything is done with due ceremony, and nobody ever forgets himself so far as to take any absorbing interest in the game. Such is cricket; as English as Mr. Pickwick or Trafalgar Square.

It may be said that cricket is unsurpassed from an esthetical point of view: nothing, surely, can be more pleasing to the senses than the white ducks set off by the background of green grass; the orderly way in which everything is done; the graceful actions of the bowler and the still more graceful bearing of the batter; the arrangement of the different players—how they seem to dove-tail into one another. In short, the general aspect

of the game, when viewed from a distance, is indeed a work of art; but, alas, for this very reason, perhaps, and for others, it does not appeal to the Canadian youth.

Looking at baseball in the same impartial (?) light, we observe a little republic; everybody is in action at least. Everyone has a chance to whack the ball; for no matter how skilled the batter may be he cannot remain "in" forever. The latter is president indeed, but there is no man on the diamond who is not of the most vital importance; everything is on edge; the spectators are breathless; the players are strung to the highest tension; the ball travels with lightning speed, and it is a rare event if a player reaches "home". In short, baseball is liberal and democratic: everyone is given a fair chance to show exactly what he is capable of.

The one thing, among others, that may be urged against baseball is its total lack from the esthetical point of view; the burning sand of the diamond; the pop-corn and peanut atmosphere; the grey or yellow or Lord knows what color of the suits of the players; the unsightly caps, commonly called "tough muffs", pulled down over their ears; the truly man-eating aspect of the catcher, and the fierce antics of the pitcher; the very fact, in short, that the game is always in motion makes it impossible to secure that delightful scene picture which is so satisfying in a game of cricket. But this aspect of cricket, which so endears it, and rightly, to the Englishman's heart, is wholly lost on that excellent animal, the Canadian youth.

And so, we come back to the beginning—what is the Canadian type of mind as compared with the English? The Canadian mind is action, while the English is action balanced by repose: some maliciously inclined persons may indeed hint that there is a trifle too much repose connected with the English mind, sometimes; but we banish this as a base suspicion. The Englishman, in short, likes not the "Falsehood of extremes".

And now we come to the "last word" on Cricket vs. Baseball. It is a mistake, as has been said, to compare the two games, and say that cricket is the better game, and therefore Canadians *must* play cricket; or, on the other hand, to say that baseball is the better game, and therefore let Canadians play baseball and do not bother them. Things are only good, bad or indifferent as circumstances make them so. Cricket will never become in Canada a National game, or even a popular game, for the simple reason that it does not and never will appeal to the ideals and type of mind of the Canadian. This is not saying anything ungracious about the Canadian —far from it; but I have never seen a Canadian *really* enjoy a game of cricket and never expect to. On the other hand, baseball will never "cut any figure" in England for similar reasons: it offends an Englishman's

sense of the fitness of things and shocks him. In fine, cricket is a good game, and so also is baseball—which is the better I do not know, and would not say if I did know; but both are eminently local, and cricket requires an Englishman to play it properly, just as surely as baseball requires an American.



Dawn

By David K. Findlay, 1918-1919.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

'Tis night, but still war's foaming flood
Rolls on in sacrificial blood;
Lurid flashes stab the dark;
Mortar answers Mortar's bark;
While afar the big guns bellow,
And the dead lie huddled stark.

The shriek of high explosive and the bullet's sighing whine;
The deadly Maxim mutter as the foemen sweep our line;
The red lust of killing, in a din of hellish sounds;
The grim frenzy of the fight, the madness of deep wounds,
And the Very's shuddering light shows the dead high-piled in mounds.

The dawn rose o'er torn trench and muddy rill;
The cold stars gaze in pale amaze to find the world so still.
Comes a whisper on the dawn wind to where the Crosses show,
To where the dead are dreaming dreams and Autumn flowers blow;

The flowers nod and bend to tell,—
A whisper from each crimson bell—
To tell the dead that all is well;
The reason rules the minds of men,
That peace on earth has come again.

Two Short Stories

By Kenneth B. Carson, 1919-1922.

MUSEUM MADNESS.

WE WENT to the Museum on Sunday and we desire to tell of our experiences there, in fact, we insist upon relating them. Well, we turned off Bloor Street and went past a sign reading, "Free on Sundays," which was the reason of our visit, it being a cheaper pleasure than going to church. We entered the portals of a large Moorish edifice, and passing a very business-like field-gun (a relic of the late war) we came into the Chinese laundryman's paradise and during the afternoon we looked upon so much oriental grandeur that our eyes began to slant.

These impressions should rightfully be divided into two parts; the objects on exhibition, and the people one sees viewing the objects. However, as they were all curious, no great harm is done in taking them together. There was a large preponderance of people with Jewish features, but China was well represented in the oriental section. We were much disappointed that no Eskimos were on hand to view the Eskimo exhibit.

We saw Ptolemy's Mack Sennett comedies and a pair of mummies as tightly wrapped as a roll of magazines. We did not like the mummies, although two undertakers near us enjoyed that exhibition immensely. We were more interested in the exhibition of ivory dice dating from the year one. It seems that Adam "rolled the bones" to see whether he would eat the apple or not; but unfortunately, he rolled an eleven thus changing the whole course of human existence.

The glass cases lent themselves very well to use as mirrors and we discovered that in direct comparison with a statue of Apollo we possessed more beauty than we were ever aware of. We discovered by applying our hats to the marble brow of Cicero that the worthy orator took a seven and a quarter Stetson. Little things like that are nice to know.

The movie magnates overlook a great comedy when they pass by a museum. A maniac with a hodful of bricks could give a very amazing exhibition in the course of a few moments, breaking glass cases and smashing statuary images. We were much disappointed that that building contained no statue of Charley Chaplin but the discovery of Buddha sitting on a lotus flower made the disappointment less keen.

In telling of our experiences, we lay great stress upon the enjoyment we dervived from viewing the pottery-ware; we do not mention the pretty girl on the other side of the glass case. We discovered that the ancient Greeks used fire extinguishers. We saw one in the corner of the Hellenic

section. How surprised we were to find what an immense variety of weapons there were with which to kill people! Everything from Ventian daggers to bass viols. As we looked at the aged garments in the cases we wondered if the very suits we wore would some day be laid out to view before the curious eyes of some future generation of supermen who would contemplate with interest the tag on the inside of the coat collar, "Abe Levi, Simcoe St." Or would our very bodies wrapped in straw mats repose a thousand years hence in glass cases? And there were the bones of some prehistoric beasts, half birds; we thought that the poultry business must have been rather a hazardous occupation for the ancestors of the stone-age men. We nearly had a fight with a very homely plumber, we thought he was a Dinosaur. He was going to lay us cold with a section of Roman lead-pipe.

Indeed, we saw a lot of things, George Washington's sport shirt and Hannibal's tooth-brush for all we know. We knew that we would dream that night. We dreamed that Queen Elizabeth (first floor) was flying in the airplane in the basement. At last our heads reeling with thoughts of wild Indians, Eskimos, and Mummies we staggered into the exhilarating atmosphere of Bloor St. and mistook an Overland for a Chinese palanquin. —We are still mad!

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SOLDIER.

HORACE FAISHE joined the cadet Corps. The captain of the corps told him he had volunteered.

"You have volunteered for the cadet corps," said the captain in his affable manner.

"Oh, have I really?" said Horace, much delighted. "I thought of volunteering, but I didn't think that I had told anyone about it."

"You don't have to think when I'm around," said the captain, modestly.

Thus our hero was enrolled in the cadet corps and turned out assiduously for drill each day and soon became the darling of the sergeant's heart, the plaything of Fortune and the master of his Ross rifle. He was not greatly impressed by his fellow cadets—they resembled the knights of King Arthur in very few respects, and he too found it difficult to visualize himself as Sir Galahad in search of the Holy Grail, particularly when he was degraded to the awkward squad and drilled by a potential train-announcer for the new station, in the person of the cadet corps captain, whose lusty voice could be heard above the buzz of Spearmint.

But Horace's optimism returned when a dress parade was held and he turned out in his bra' Scotch regimentals. The donning of them caused him considerable worry; when he found that his knees were to be uncovered he almost rebelled and would undoubtedly have been shot for

desertion had he not conceived the idea of dyeing his knees the same color as his socks, which gave spectators the impression that he was a red Indian with the small-pox. Bravely he shouldered his rifle and marched down the driveway behind the perfectly tuned bagpipes, down the avenue, across the bridge and into the great city with kilts swinging, heart beating high and his eyes glued to the prominent neck of the boy in front of him.

Then the great review! A general glanced over the corps and here it was that Horace made the ghastly mistake which cost him his life. When the Captain shouted, "Present arms!" Horace went over to the general and with a curtly bow presented the general with his rifle. He was hurried outside by the horrified militia, a hasty court-martial was summoned and Horace was condemned to be shot at sunrise.

The condemned ate a hearty breakfast next morning and was then led out to be shot, he showed no visible signs of emotion except that they had to carry him out.

"Put a cigarette in my mouth," he said to the head prefect. "You cannot refuse a dying man such a privilege." Silently the prefect handed him a cigarette and a handkerchief to bind his eyes.

"Not that, not that!" cried Horace. (The spectators were amazed at his daring.) "I would rather use my own," he said, taking a red bandanna from his pocket.

The firing squad lined up and took aim; the sergeant dropped his arm and Horace lay dead at the foot of a large sign reading "Broadway Girls at the Star". Thus died Horace surrounded by beauty as he would have wished, a victim to militarism and instinctive courtesy.

Moral: Don't be military, and never be polite to generals.



A Portrait

By T. F. Aspden, 1916-1924.

Wrought by an unknown brush two centuries past,
A wealthy merchant's daughter or the last
Love of some fickle gallant of that time,—
Much praised she was no doubt, in word and rhyme.
See how these burning jewels on her hands,
The necklace at her throat, the shining bands
Encircling her slim wrists, flash in some ray
Seen by the artist of that bygone day!
Through Piccadilly drove the coach and four
And there Milady saw, hour after hour,
Those eyes still filled with some suppressed desire
The lace at her pale throat, the wondrous fire
And lustre of her ruby, his last gift,
Doubting, perhaps, that those red lips might lift
The eye too far above that dainty shoe,
'Broidered in gold and kissed by that pure blue
Which fills the sky upon a bright spring day,
Breathing the glory of an endless May.
Her drooping eye looks downward past the fold
Of her dark velvet dress; the more to hold
The observer's eye, and thus it is one sees
The artist's greatest work, his masterpiece.
Yet he forebore to sign his name to it,
And she not thinking that her's need be writ
While such a work of art remained on earth
Did likewise, so when she was gone, the worth
And beauty of her portrait seemed to die
And in some attic was allowed to lie.
Until at last she reached this common store
Whose owner saw her glory through the four
Times fifty years of dust now veiling her
As frightened that some careless hand might stir
Her sleep; yet who could 'ere disturb that rest?
A slumb'ring angel in rich velvet dressed
There now she stands, mid prints of hare and hounds,
"Portrait by unknown artist, Thirteen Pounds."

Andrew

By Thomas E. Hethrington, 1927-1935.

Fishing smacks in the misty dawn,
  Swishing of wavelets upon the shore,
The cry of gulls, and the odour strong
  Of fish, and hemp—and something more—
Voices, too, in the hush of day,
  Vibrant and deep—the tones of men;
Footsteps are echoing far away,
  Nearer they sound; a pause, and then
Sunlight sweeps up the rolling hills,
  Shimmers on waters of Galilee,
Two hearts throb to a Voice that thrills—
  "Leave your nets and follow Me!"

Andrew followed. The way was hard;
  Hopes were shattered; the world was black;
But Light broke through, and in faith unmarred
  Andrew followed, and turned not back.
Mocked and imprisoned and jeered in scorn,
  Spreading the wonder of Man redeemed,
Glorious he passed, and a flame reborn
  Through the mists of Eternity brightly gleamed.
As Empire crumbles, and kingdoms fall;
  Centuries pass in feverish strife;
Men have forgotten—denied it all,
  Yet steadfast still shines the Hope of Life.

Nature provides for the revels of Youth
  Firing its pulses to fancied joys;
Some, remembering, grope for the truth;
  Many are lost in the rush and the noise.
Weary of worldliness, greed and sin,
  Mutely we cry that we may be free.
Ever a voice comes soft within,
  "The past is forgiven—follow Me."

Excerpts from the First "Review"

Football. "St. Andrew's College opened for its first term in September, 1899. With it, as with other colleges, games such as football, hockey and cricket, which form a part of every boy's college life, began . . . Our first football game was played against a team from Harbord Collegiate, in which we were defeated. This, however, did not discourage us, and about a week later, we met the same team, which this time only succeeded in defeating us by two points. . . .

"Upper Canada's third team was very anxious to play us, and a game was arranged in which we won by a good margin. As this was our first victory, all the members of the team determined that it would not be the last, and a few days later we again met the Harbord team and this time won. . . ."

Hockey. "The first hockey club of St. Andrew's College was organized in the opening year of the college, 1899.

"The first hockey team, as might be expected, was very weak, and had to go down to defeat rather often. . . . The following year, the boys succeeded in winning their first victory without a practice and so were encouraged to stick right at it. Success followed success and it was not long before St. Andrew's College began to be known in the hockey world. . . .

"To illustrate the change for the better that the hockey team underwent in one year, we have only to say that some boys who found it very easy to hold a place on the senior team in 1899 were unable to gain a place on the First in 1900. Then again in 1899, out of about eight games played, the S.A.C. boys won only three, but in 1900, out of ten games played, eight were won and one draw game was played. . . ."

The Literary Society. "In connection with our college the greatest evening amusement is the Literary Society, which meets, during the chilly months of winter, every Friday. The meetings are for the most part for the boys themselves, but every three weeks comes an open meeting.

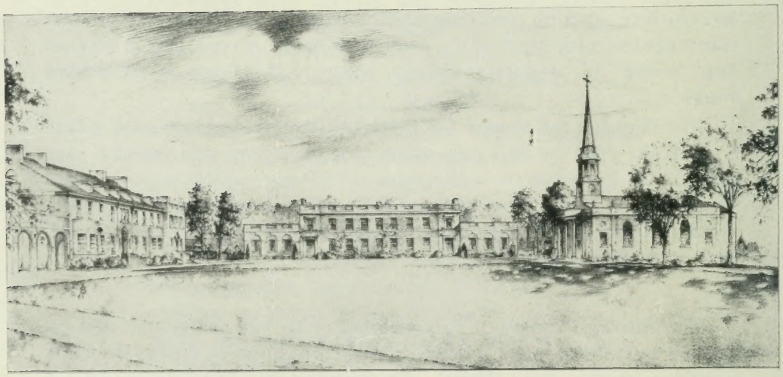
"The executive staff consists of a number of officers, a committee and two historians. Among the officers are two or three of the masters, but the boys are greatly in the majority, while the committee and historians are all boys. The historians are supposed to be the fun of the evening. They write up all the amusing events which happen during the preceeding

week. Their jokes are not always understood, but even if not there can always be heard one of the juniors laughing, to seem wiser than his companions."

The First Athletic Meet. "The first athletic meet of St. Andrew's College took place on Thursday, May 23rd, 1901.

"Nearly seven hundred people—friends and relatives of the boys—assembled to witness the games, and, to judge from the comments of some, they went away well pleased, feeling that they had spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

"The popular band of the Royal Grenadiers furnished the music, which, as it was selected from 'The Burgomaster', 'Foxy Quiller', and other new comic operas, was very good."



SCHOOL NEWS

Prize Day

The thirty-sixth Annual Prize Day was held on October 23rd. This was an important occasion, as it was the first Prize Day under the New Regime. An unusual feature was introduced by holding the Annual Cadet Corps Inspection on the morning of the Day, a variation which proved to be very successful, the scarlet tunics of the cadets adding colour to the scene.

The gymnasium, gaily decorated for the event, was filled to capacity with the parents and friends of the school, when the official party appeared, headed by Mr. Ketchum and Sir Joseph Flavelle.

A short service opened the proceedings of the afternoon. After the singing of the school hymn, "Fight the Good Fight", the lesson was read by Dr. G. D. Kilpatrick, which was followed by a short prayer offered by the Reverend G. O. Lightburn of Aurora.

The Headmaster then rose to deliver his address, which dealt mainly with the past history of the school, and the progress it made under the able leadership of his predecessor Dr. Macdonald. Reference was made to the high standard obtained by the school in the matriculation last year.

Following this the Chairman of the Board, Sir Joseph Flavelle, presented the proficiency prizes to the Preparatory, First, Second and Third forms.

The Fourth, Fifth and Lower Sixth prizes were presented by Dr. Macdonald. In his speech Dr. Macdonald urged the boys to carry on the school tradition, and ever remember the school motto. He recalled how he was designed for the Foreign Mission field, but was prevailed upon to accept the headmastership of St. Andrew's, where he remained until last year. Dr. Macdonald continued by thanking the staff for their co-operation throughout the years, and the friends of the school and especially Sir Joseph Flavelle, who for many years has advised and generously assisted St. Andrew's College. Dr. Macdonald concluded by wishing Mr. Ketchum the best of good fortune, assuring us that the future of the school was safe in his hands.

Sir Robert Falconer was asked to present the prizes of the Upper Sixth. He congratulated the winners and encouraged those who had tried their best. Sir Robert paid tribute to the strength of our old leader and the ability of our new one. In conclusion Sir Robert stated, "The strength of man is based on faith in God, and confidence in the future."

Dr. Kilpatrick of Hamilton was then asked to distribute the various prizes won in the shooting competitions. In his spirited address he exhorted the boys to be true to their country, and to remember the heritage handed on to the living by those who have died. He congratulated Mr. Ketchum on his new position and wished him success.

The special prizes were presented by Dr. Cody, President of the University of Toronto. Dr. Cody pointed out that the School was not built entirely by the work of one man, but by the co-operation of the staff and friends. However, he added, this would not have been possible without the untiring efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald. Dr. Cody continued by telling how, through his long friendship with Dr. Macdonald, he had found his judgment to be reliable, and that he had always chosen the right men to support him in the work of teaching in the school.

An interesting interlude then took place. G. D. Birks was asked to come up and receive a very special prize from Dr. Kilpatrick, who arose with a mess kit in his hand. After he had presented it to Birks Dr. Kilpatrick explained that in going through the accumulation of the years, he had discovered this kit which belonged to Birks' father during the war, and somehow it had found its way into his possession, and he took this opportunity of returning it.

The school then rose and sang the first verse of the National Anthem, and remained standing while the official party left the hall. Tea was served in the dining-room, with Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum receiving.

PRIZE LIST

1934-1935

Preparatory Form—General Proficiency—1st, Rapmund.

Form I A—General Proficiency—1st, V. J. Diver.

Form I B—No prize awarded.

Lower Form II—General Proficiency—1st, C. D. MacIntosh.

Upper Form II—General Proficiency—1st, Fox-Revett; Special, L. G. Hampson II.

Form III—General Proficiency—1st, Wilson; 2nd, Sisman; 3rd, Auld; 4th, Kilpatrick.

Form IV—General Proficiency—1st, T. H. W. Read II; 2nd, Kent; 3rd, Rogers.

Form V—General Proficiency—1st, Johnston; 2nd, D. B. Spence II; 3rd, J. B. Spence I; Special, J. J. C. Read I.

Lower VI—General Proficiency—1st, J. D. Kennedy I; 2nd, A. B. Mackenzie I; 3rd, Rowan.

Upper VI—General Proficiency—1st, W. H. Adams I; 2nd, Barker; Special, Birks.

48th Highlander's Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle—(for proficiency in Rifle Shooting)—W. H. Adams.
Lawrence Crowe Medal—J. N. Kennedy.
Gordon Thorley Medal—J. H. Donovan.
Christie Cup—H. W. Barker.
Cricket Cup—W. L. Cox.
Strathcona Medal—J. H. Donovan.
Wyld Prize in Latin—P. C. Rea.
Head Prefect's Prize—P. C. Rea.
Isabelle Cockshutt Prizes in History—D. B. Albertson, D. B. Spence.
Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics—R. C. Kilgour.
Special Review Prize—A. S. Thompson.
Ashton Medal in English—G. Cockfield.
Cooper Medal in Science—J. D. Kennedy.
Georges Etienne Cartier Medal in French—G. D. Birks.
Hulbig Medal in Mathematics—J. L. Straith.
Governor-General's Medal—G. D. Birks.
Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal—J. D. Kennedy.
Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal—A. B. Mackenzie.
Chairman's Gold Medal—J. D. Kennedy.



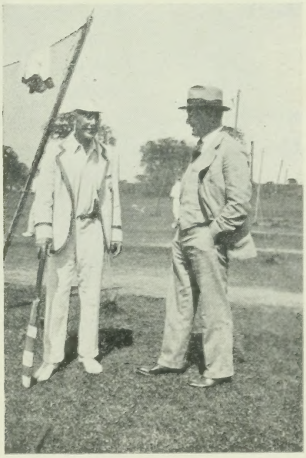
By Spence











The Reginald Stewart Recital

On Sunday evening, October the sixth, we had the good fortune to hear a brilliant recital by Mr. Reginald Stewart, the well known Canadian pianist and conductor of the Promenade Symphony Concerts in Toronto. His programme was an introductive, but representative one.

The tone pictures, in all the pastoral daintiness, of the Scarlatti selections, served as an excellent introduction to another work of the same general quality. The "Moonlight Sonata" will always be admired for its strength and grandeur yet simple beauty so typical of Beethoven. The selections from Chopin were representative of that great genius's grace and charm. The three pieces by Liszt were also expressed in a devoted style, while the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff "Liebesfreud" was unfortunately a little more Rachmaninoff than Kreisler and, we think played a little too fast. All the selections, so well known for their surface beauty and charm, have almost been played to death, but the composers represented are those who have attained the greatest success in writing for the piano.

We hope that in the near future we shall have the opportunity of again welcoming Mr. Stewart to Saint Andrew's College.

His programme included the following:

Scarlatti —"Pastorale"

Beethoven —"Harp etude"
"F sharp minor Etude"
"Ballade in A flat"
"Lullaby"

Rubenstein —"Staccato Etude"

Liszt —"A Sigh"
"Dance of the Gnomes"
"Liebestraume"

Kreisler—
Rachmaninoff—"Liebesfreud"

In addition as encores he played two Chopin waltzes: "The Minute Waltz"; "C sharp minor Waltz".

C. W. T.

Camera Club

This year the Camera Club, under the direction of Mr. J. Y. S. Ross, has sprung into renewed activity after a lapse of several years. A series of helpful talks are being given on some of the finer points of photography. The dark room, which is well fitted with the necessary equipment, is seldom empty and enthusiasts may be seen wandering the countryside in search of novel scenes and subjects. A competition is being arranged and it is hoped that some of the more outstanding photographs may be published in the Mid-summer REVIEW. The committee elected by the club is as follows:

President—McEachren.
Vice-President—Kennedy I.
Secretary—Chapman.



The Cadet Corps

The Cadet Corps was organized on the second day of our return to School in September, in preparation for the inspection which was held this year on October 23rd, rather than as formerly in the Summer Term.

The experiment proved practicable, despite earlier complications.

The successful organization of the Cadet Corps was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Dowden, who worked untiringly both on the parade ground and during the distribution of the uniforms.

The Corps was again under the instruction of Sergeant-Major Huggett and the Platoons, with regular drill, soon developed from their embryo stage into a smart and well-disciplined company.

The Band, with the addition of six bugles and with most of its old members returned, found time to learn several new marches for the inspection.

Credit is due to Macdonald I who, catapulted into the Captaincy, applied himself diligently to learn the functions of the Company Drill in such a manner as to insure a successful inspection.



Courtesy of "Toronto Globe"

The Cadet Corps Inspection, held on the morning before Prize Day, was well attended by friends of the School.

The usual procedure was observed in the forming up of the Company for a preliminary inspection before descending to the Parade Ground.

The Corps was inspected by Captain Cummings, who later commented on its smartness "despite the antiquity of some of the uniforms." After the march past, the Company Drill was performed followed by the Platoon Drill.

The Corps paraded around the field headed by the Band, and then ascended to the quadrange for the presentation of the Ellsworth Cup by Captain Cummings. This was won by Number 2 Platoon, which entered the final day of competition with a deficit of two points, but emerged victorious.

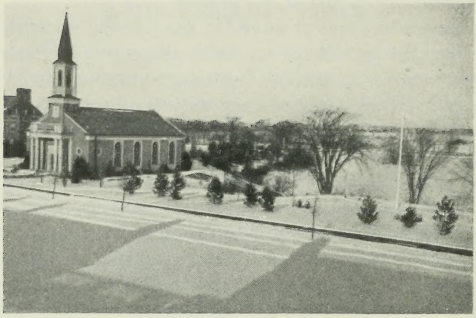
With three cheers for the Inspecting Officer the Corps was dismissed.

The following were the Officers and N.C.O.'s:

Cadet Corps Captain—I. B. Macdonald.
Lieutenants: Number 1 Platoon—A. S. Thompson.
Number 2 Platoon—R. C. Kilgour.
Sergeants—W. T. Pentland, F. F. McEachren.
Company Sergeant-Major—W. L. Cox.
Band Lieutenant—D. M. Morton.



Courtesy of "Toronto Globe"



Chapel Notes

Due to the efforts of Mr. Ketchum, the school has been fortunate enough to have the Chapel pulpit occupied by a number of interesting speakers this term.

The services seem to have gained in interest and have consequently attracted a great number of visitors to the school on Sunday evenings.

On the first Sunday after our return from the summer vacation, we were addressed by Mr. Ketchum, and at the following evening services by both Mr. Tudball and Dr. Robinson, whose addresses we have long since learned to appreciate.

On October 13, the school and an unusually large number of distinguished visitors were addressed by Dr. Macdonald, who spoke forcefully in his characteristic way. His sermon was greatly appreciated by all those present at the service.

As Mr. Ketchum pointed out, it is always a great pleasure to welcome to our service men who have passed through the cloisters of Saint Andrew's in years gone by and are now engaged in other walks of life. And so we very much enjoyed having the Reverend Gray Eakins speak to us on October 20. His address touched on a great many aspects of school life, but he emphasized mainly the good results to be obtained by confiding in our elders and those set in authority over us.

On a Monday evening previous to this date, the school had the unexpected pleasure of hearing an excellent organ recital by Dr. Godfrey of Hamilton. The Reverend G. D. Kilpatrick, an old friend of the school, who accompanied Dr. Godfrey, sang a Scottish ballad, which was very much appreciated by all those fortunate enough to be present.

The first of two masters of other schools scheduled to visit us this term was Dr. A. W. Mackenzie of Lakefield Preparatory School, who was kind enough to speak to us on November 3.

The second Old Boy of the school to address us this term was Mr. Gerald Burch, who gave us an exceptionally fine talk in the latter part of October. Mr. Burch spoke of the subject of "Fighting the Good Fight", and analysed our school hymn which is based on that subject. Mr. Burch is a Divinity Student at Wycliffe College and has spoken to us once a year since he left Saint Andrew's. We sincerely hope that these visits may long be continued.

It was with great interest that we listened to Mr. John Davison of Upper Canada College on the evening of November 17th. Discussing the theme, "The Nature of the World in which We Live", he spoke convincingly on the necessity of a better understanding between nations and peoples. To emphasize this he read from "Victories of Peace", a recent publication which is to be added to the school library. He compared the famous utterance of Edith Cavel, "Patriotism is not enough", with that of Jane Adams, "Charity is not enough".

We are indebted to Mr. Davison for a most enlightening address and hope that he may return soon to Saint Andrew's.

On November 24th we again had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Kilpatrick occupy our Chapel pulpit and of hearing his excellent address on the "Six ways of telling Right from Wrong". Dr. Kilpatrick is one of the most sincere friends of the school and has proved on several occasions that he can not only hold our deepest interest during a sermon, but can also amuse us on less solemn occasions.

On Sunday evening, December 1st, we had the pleasure of hearing Professor George de T. Glazebrook of the Department of History at the University of Toronto speak to us on the subject of "European affairs".

Our Communion Service for the Autumn Term was held on Dec. 8th, and was taken by the Reverend G. O. Lightbourne of Trinity Church, Aurora, another Old Boy of Saint Andrew's.

The Carol Service was held on the last Sunday evening of the term. Last year a great number of friends of the school heard and appreciated this service and we were pleased to see an equally encouraging attendance this year. Many very fine pieces of music were sung as well as the popular carols so dear to the hearts of all. Mr. J. Y. S. Ross was at the organ as usual, and was accompanied by Mr. Ketchum with his violin and D. B. Spence on the piano.

The arrangement of the service was very similar to that of last year

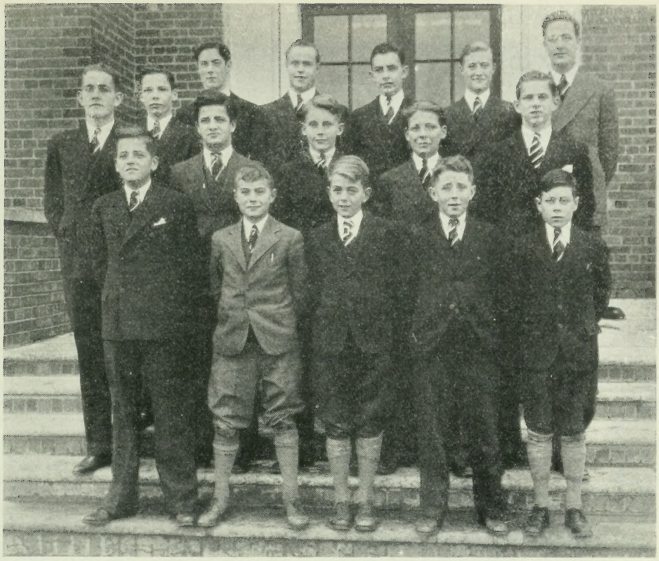
with readings from the Psalms interspersed among the carols. Some of the selections sung by the school were:

"A Chorale", from the Christmas Oratorio of J. S. Bach.
"Break forth O beauteous Heavenly Light."
"The First Nowell."
"Song of the Crib."
"The Cradle."
"Puer Nobis."
"Angels from the Realms of Glory."
"All Poor Men and Humble."
"Masters in this Hall."
"Our Brother is Born."
"Adeste Fideles."

The Review takes this opportunity to thank all those who have spoken to us during the recent term and to welcome those whom we shall have the pleasure of hearing in the future.

In the latter part of October a plan was inaugurated whereby all the boys in the Upper and Lower Sixth Forms were to read the Lesson from the Bible each morning. This plan has met with unprecedented success and it is to be expected that it will be continued next term. It not only makes the Lessons more interesting for those listening, but gives the boys a keener insight into the Bible.

R.R.J.



SONS OF OLD BOYS

Front Row: W. A. Kemp, C. D. MacIntosh, W. H. Diver, V. J. Diver, F. A. Diver.
Absent: C. H. Heintzman.
Second Row: R. C. Kilgour, M. G. Kent, J. B. McColl, J. A. C. Auld, E. W. Thompson, W. H. Grass.
Third Row: D. G. K. MacIntosh, P. J. Howe, A. R. Kilgour, W. G. Finlay, D. C. Morton.



NEW BOYS

Front Row: H. D. B. Orgill, W. H. Diver, J. A. O'Brian, W. L. H. Thompson, K. G. Cameron, D. G. Cameron.
Second Row: W. J. Shields, J. H. Johnson, H. B. F. Connacher, A. F. Moss, T. L. Gerhart, W. G. Willis, Martin Harter.
Third Row: J. A. O'Brian, J. F. Macdonald, C. M. Shields, E. C. Gerhart, A. R. Kilgour, E. D. Bonnell, H. E. Roscoe, A. F. McCoubrey.
Fourth Row: N. H. Chapman, A. R. Gordon, W. H. Grass, J. D. Seaton, F. R. Duncan, J. L. Gordon.

The Athletic Association

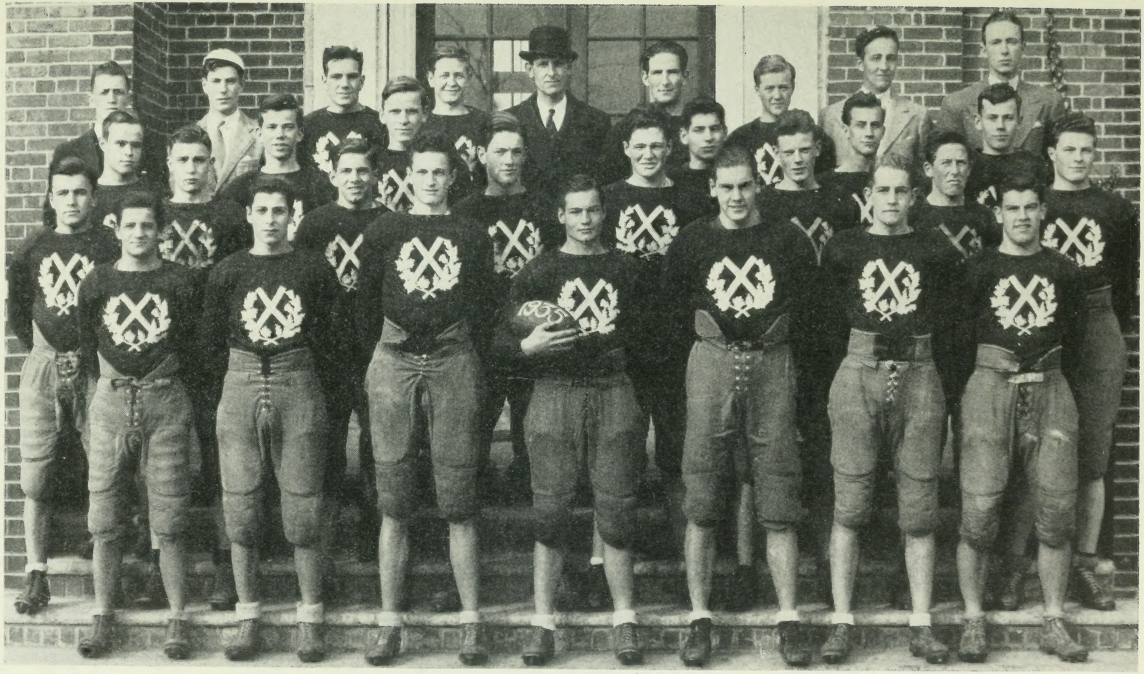
There seems to be doubt in some people's minds as to the duties of the Athletic Association. It was organized in 1902, and since then it has played an important part in various school activities. The members have charge of the Cross Country runs and the Ski races. The Association also organizes all the Sports Day events and appoints the Colour Committee. The function of the Curator is to see that the temperatures of the gymnasium and swimming pool are kept constant, and that the pool water is tested and chlorinated regularly. They do not work in the limelight, but perform their duties conscientiously nevertheless.

On October 31, at a meeting of the Upper School the following were elected to form the Athletic Association for the year 1935-36:

Honorary President.....THE HEADMASTER
President.....MR. GRIFFITHS
1st Vice-President.....W. L. COX
2nd Vice-President.....J. B. MCCOLL
Secretary.....G. D. BIRKS
Treasurer.....I. B. MACDONALD
Curator.....W. Y. SOPER

The following are the Form Representatives:

Upper VI.....ROWAN
Lower VI.....SPENCE I
General Course.....HOOD
Form V.....MACDONALD II
Form IV.....HOWE
Form III.....ALLESPACH I
Forms I, II & Preparatory.....DIVER II



FIRST TEAM

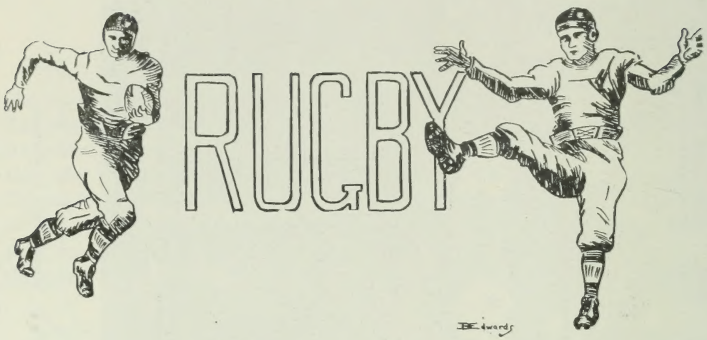
Front Row—Left to Right— J. B. McColl, D. M. Hood, I. B. Macdonald, W. L. Cox, W. E. Bartlett, R. C. Kilgour, D. M. Dickie.

Second Row—Left to Right—J. B. Spence, J. D. Seaton, W. H. Grass, J. D. Kennedy, W. T. Pentland, D. H. Rowan, Donald MacAskill.

SECOND TEAM

Third Row—Left to Right— P. J. Howe, J. F. Macdonald, W. H. Brydon, F. R. Duncan, G. J. Christie, F. F. McEachren, N. H. Chapman (standing second row).

Fourth Row—Left to Right—M. G. Griffiths, Esq., G. D. Birks, C. M. Cornish, W. A. MacKerrow, K. G. B. Ketchum, Esq., J. D. Bell, W. G. Finlay, A. S. Thompson, J. B. Millward, Esq.



SENIOR RUGBY

This year's football team, composed of an inexperienced line and last year's backfield, performed exceedingly well; and while in some cases the results of the games were disappointing, the squad brought credit to itself and to the school. Cox should be complimented on the excellent fashion in which he directed the team as quarter-back and the fine manner in which he received forward passes. Mr. Griffiths, in particular, and Mr. Millward deserve great credit for producing such a fine team with the material at their disposal.

After our customary conditioning exercises and preliminary training in fundamentals, a group of the younger Old Boys visited the school to play a practice game with us before our regular season commenced. Later on two games were played with Pickering College, and while St. Andrew's fought hard in both cases, they were defeated each time by a heavier team. In a game with Lakefield two very evenly matched teams played against one another and Lakefield eked out a 12 to 11 victory.

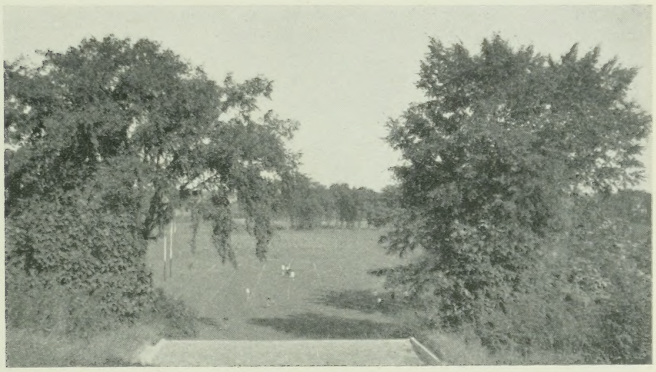
In the Old Boys' game in spite of the six old colours we had they beat us by a 16 to 6 score. The line bucking of Hamilton, F. G. Cox, and Graham proved too much for the present Saints, and the broken-field running of Moffatt was outstanding. Other players for the Old Boys were: Jennings, Pipe, Sharp, H. C. Cox, Mackerrow, Montgomery, W. Turnbull, Shapley, Bedell and Rea.

* * * * *

ST. ANDREW'S *vs.* TRINITY

Our first game this year with a Little Big Four team was against T.C.S. at Port Hope on Saturday, October 5th. It was a fine day from the viewpoint of the players, but it was a little cool for the spectators.

First Quarter: The game opened with Trinity kicking off, and after a series of exchanges T.C.S. was in a position to kick for one point. On a S.A.C. kick Keefer made a fine run back, but later T.C.S. fumbled and lost possession of the ball. St. Andrew's completed a beautiful pass, Bartlett to Rowan, for a long gain, but soon afterwards S.A.C. lost the ball on a fumble. The first quarter ended with T.C.S. in possession of the ball in the middle of the field. S.A.C.: 0; T.C.S.: 1.



By Roscoe

Second Quarter: T.C.S. made a beautiful kick which went well over the St. Andrew's goal line, but the ball was run out by Dickie, who followed up by making two excellent line bucks. On a T.C.S. kick Bartlett was downed behind the line for a single point. Soon afterwards a beautiful T.C.S. pass was completed, Truax to Keefer, and the latter ran it for a touchdown which was converted. S.A.C. kicked and recovered the ball when a Trinity half fumbled. S.A.C. kicked again and Keefer made a good run. S.A.C.: 0; T.C.S.: 8.

Third Quarter: T.C.S. kicked off and St. Andrew's having greatly improved, gradually worked the ball down the field and attempted a placement, but was unsuccessful. Then T.C.S. carried the play to S.A.C. territory and they in turn tried a placement, which was also unsuccessful. A few moments later T.C.S. kicked for a single point.

The third quarter ended with S.A.C. in possession of the ball. S.A.C.: 0; T.C.S.: 9.

Fourth Quarter: S.A.C. attempted a forward pass which was knock-down, but interference was claimed and the pass was called complete. S.A.C. turned a placement kick formation into a forward pass, but it was unsuccessful. However, on their next play S.A.C. kicked for a point. At this stage St. Andrew's pressed hard and was near the T.C.S. line. An attempted on-side kick obtained one point. The final whistle went with T.C.S. in possession of the ball at mid-field. Final score—S.A.C.: 2; T.C.S.: 9.

The line-ups:

S.A.C.		*T.C.S.*
Kilgour	Snap	Mitchell
Cox	Quarter	Truax
Macdonald I	Insides	Gibson
Christie	"	Robinson
MacAskill	Middles	Rawlinson
Brydon I	"	Magee
Rowan	Outsides	Smith II
Grass	"	Smith III
Hood	Halves	Keefer
Dickie	"	Ross
McColl	"	Kerr
Bartlett	"	Seagram

St. Andrew's *vs.* Upper Canada

Saturday, October 12th, dawned bright and fair in Aurora. The only drawback was the low temperature, which made the ball hard to handle, and there were many breaks due to fumbles.

First Quarter: Upper Canada kicked off and a good return was made by the Saints. After excellent playing on both sides, U.C.C. worked down the field and Burchall went through the line for a converted touch-down. St. Andrew's fought hard, but were up against a strong team and a very good kicker in Simpson, who kicked for a point. Before the quarter ended Aston went across the line for a touchdown, which was unconverted. S.A.C.: 0; U.C.C.: 12.

Second Quarter: St. Andrew's kicked off and again the breaks favoured Upper Canada, who marched down the field and obtained a touchdown on a plunge by Simpson, which was converted by Dewar. S.A.C. tried hard to get under way, but were thrown back and this time a touch-down was scored by Nussbaum, and again it was converted. At this stage Dickie kicked well for St. Andrew's, and just at half time the

Saints lost possession of the ball through a fumble on their 25 yard line. S.A.C.: 0; U.C.C.: 24.

Third Quarter: Upper Canada kicked off and with a series of forward-passes moved down the field and finally Stewart went over the line and the convert was made by Dewar. Before time was up Simpson kicked twice for two more points. S.A.C.: 0; U.C.C.: 32.

Fourth Quarter: St. Andrew's kicked off and in the quarter they were a much improved team. A long pass was completed for the Saints, Bartlett to Cox. Dickie made a nice run, but Upper Canada retaliated with a touchdown by Burchall and a convert by Dewar. Simpson kicked twice more for two points. S.A.C.: 0; U.C.C.: 40.



The line-ups:

S.A.C.		*U.C.C.*
Kilgour	Snap	Woods
Cox	Quarter	Mills
Macdonald I	Insides	Turnbull
Pentland	"	Davis
Kennedy I	Middles	Nussbaum
MacAskill	"	Aston
Rowan	Outsides	Patterson
Grass	"	Stewart
Hood	Halves	Simpson
McColl	"	Dewar
Dickie	"	Burchall
Bartlett	"	Cockburn

ST. ANDREW'S *vs.* RIDLEY

On Saturday, October 19th, the first game of our regular Little Big Four Series was held at Aurora on a beautiful, typical football day. There was a slight north wind, but it did not give either side much advantage in the kicking.

First Quarter: St. Andrew's, defending the north end of the field, kicked off and Ridley carried the ball back into S.A.C. territory with a series of end-runs and cut-backs. Ridley attempted a drop-kick, but only secured one point. After scrimmaging at centre field Cox intercepted a Ridley pass and ran for a good gain. S.A.C. completed a beautiful pass; then completed a drop-kick for three points. The quarter ended with S A.C. in possession of the ball. S.A.C.: 3; B.R.C.: 1.



Second Quarter: On a Ridley fumble S.A.C. recovered. Pentland took over the kicking duties and kicked beautifully. On a Ridley kick Dickie made an excellent return for one point. At this stage Ridley turned to an aerial attack. And almost completed a long forward pass which would have given them a good chance for a major score. Dickie returned another Ridley kick for a point. An S.A.C. pass was intercepted, but the ball was soon recovered by Seaton on a Ridley fumble, and this left S.A.C. in a position to try a placement kick, but it was unsuccessful. On the return of a Ridley kick McLean made a beautiful catch and a good run. Before the period ended Dickie returned another Ridley kick for one point. S.A.C.: 6; B.R.C.: 1.

Third Quarter: The second half opened with Ridley kicking off. At this stage Ridley was much improved and the play was very even. Two beautiful runs were made by Ridley, which left the ball on the S.A.C. seven yard line. However, the S.A.C. line held and Ridley was forced to kick for a single point. Ridley made a nice run back after an S.A.C. kick, but they fumbled on an end-run and Cox recovered. An S.A.C. pass was intercepted, and with a series of bucks Ridley bore down the field and the quarter ended with Ridley in possession in S.A.C. territory. S.A.C.: 6; B.R.C.: 2.

Fourth Quarter: Ridley ran the ball to the S.A.C. one yard line, and after three attempts MacLachlan (maj.) bucked the ball over for a major count, but the convert was unsuccessful. S.A.C. kicked off and Ridley made a nice run back and kicked for one point. In a desperate effort to regain the lead S.A.C. completed a beautiful pass, Bartlett to Cox. This put S.A.C. in a position for an on-side kick, but was unfortunately blocked. An S.A.C. forward pass was intercepted and run for a touch-down by McLean. This time the convert was successful. S.A.C. completed another long pass, Bartlett to Cox, who ran the ball to the Ridley five yard line. Ridley successfully held out the Andreans for three downs, but on their first down when they attempted to kick the ball out of danger, it unfortunately hit the goal-post. It bounded back and a Ridley man was tackled behind the line for one point. Ridley kicked and Dickie after receiving, made a long lateral pass to Hood for a nice gain. An S.A.C. pass was intercepted and was followed by a good run, and Ridley kicked for a point. The game ended with S.A.C. in possession of the ball. S.A.C.: 7; B.R.C.: 14.

The line-ups:

S.A.C.		*B.R.C.*
Kilgour I	Snap	Wellington (min.)
Cox	Quarter	MacLachlan (maj.)
Pentland	Insides	Thornes
Macdonald I	"	MachLachlan (min.)
MacAskill	Middles	Cameron
Seaton	"	Wilson
Rowan	Outsides	Doherty (maj.)
Grass	"	Edgar
Dickie	Halves	McLean
Hood	"	Lucas
Bartlett	"	Soules
Spence I	"	F. W. Hilton

St. Andrew's *vs.* Upper Canada

The return game against Upper Canada was held in Toronto on October 26th. The whole school accompanied the team and a large crowd witnessed an excellent and exciting game.

First Quarter: Upper Canada kicked off and after an Upper Canada fumble the ball was recovered by McColl. U.C.C. gained yards on three line bucks and on their kick Hood made a nice run back. An Upper Canada forward pass was intercepted by Cox and after an exchange of kicks the Saints gained yards on two bucks by McColl and MacAskill. Upper Canada completed two forward passes, Dewar to Mills, and followed this by a line buck for 12 yards. On their kick Dickie was tackled behind the line for one point. Before the end of the quarter Upper Canada completed another pass. S.A.C.: 0; U.C.C.: 1.

Second Quarter: Upper Canada completed a forward pass, Dewar to Mills, but a second one was unsuccessful. St. Andrew's attempted a long pass, but it was broken up. After an exchange of kicks the Saints rallied with two beautiful forward passes, Bartlett to Cox, the second of which travelled 50 yards and resulted in a touchdown which was not converted. The kick off was returned and after attempting a forward pass U.C.C. kicked. Two bucks by MacAskill and McColl netted yards, but an attempted pass failed. On a line buck Moffatt broke away for 20 yards; their kick was fumbled by Dickie and U.C.C. gained possession. Before the end of the half Upper Canada completed a forward pass. S.A.C.: 5; U.C.C.: 1.

Third Quarter: Upper Canada kicked off and started out with a crushing attack which carried the Saints before them. Gaining yards three times, a touchdown was obtained by Moffatt and the convert was made by the same player. With a series of line bucks U.C.C. marched down the field for another major score by Burchall. The convert was made by Davis. An S.A.C. kick was blocked and the ball was run for a touchdown by Stewart. S.A.C.: 5; U.C.C.: 17.

Fourth Quarter: In a desperate effort St. Andrew's turned to a forward passing attack, but the Upper Canada defence was too strong for us, and for the greater part of the quarter the ball was in mid-field. A long Upper Canada forward pass was attempted and, as the receiver was interfered with, U.C.C. gained their yards. After a line buck for yards, Moffatt broke away for a touchdown. A short S.A.C. pass was completed, Cox to McColl, but the next one was intercepted. Before the end of the game both teams tried a forward pass and both of them were intercepted. S.A.C.: 5; U.C.C.: 22.

ST. ANDREW'S *vs.* TRINITY (second game)

The last game of our football season was held against Trinity College School at Aurora on Saturday, Nov. 2nd, at 10.30 a.m. There was a strong north wind blowing, which gave the one team an advantage.

First Quarter: Defending the north end of the field, St. Andrew's kicked off and for the first few moments both teams appeared to be testing the other with line bucks. On a S.A.C. kick Keefer made a good run-back for about 30 yards. S.A.C. attempted a long forward-pass, but this was incompleted. St. Andrew's gained a first down on two good line-bucks by Cox and MacAskill, and then tried a long pass which was not completed. On the next down Trinity was off-side and S.A.C. gained yards. After an exchange of kicks, in which St. Andrew's gained ground, they kicked for a point. Trinity gained yards on two line-bucks and an exchange of kicks before the quarter ended. S.A.C.: 1; T.C.S.: 0.

Second Quarter: Trinity kicked and on a fumble by Dickie recovered the ball on the St. Andrew's 5 yard line. After being stopped for two downs they were kicked for a point. On a T.C.S. kick Bartlett caught and made a nice run, but was forced out. Later S.A.C. completed two forward passes for a good gain, followed by a 15 yard line-buck by MacAskill. After an exchange of kicks in which Trinity gained nearly 30 yards, the quarter ended with St. Andrew's in possession. S.A.C.: 1; T.C.S.: 1.

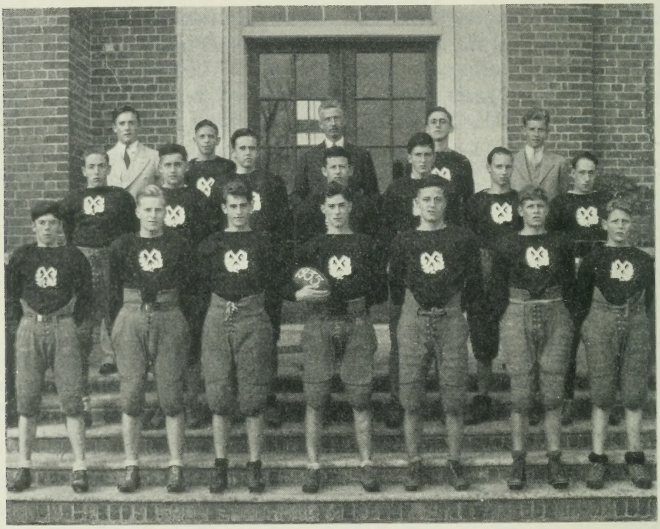
Third Quarter: Trinity kicked off and before an S.A.C. buck could get under way the Andreans were thrown for a loss of 10 yards. An attempted kick was blocked for the loss of another 20 yards. T.C.S. completed a long pass, Truax to Seagram, which left them in position for a placement by Truax. An S.A.C. fumble was recovered by Trinity and on their kick McColl made a nice run-back for 15 yards. On an end-run a fumble cost St. Andrew's 25 yards. On the next T.C.S. Dickie attempted to return, but it was blocked and run the few remaining yards by Smith for a touch, which was converted by Truax. The quarter ended a few moments later. S.A.C.: 1; T.C.S.: 10.

Fourth Quarter: St. Andrew's completed a long forward-pass, Bartlett to Cox, and followed it with a line-buck for 7 yards. S.A.C. kicked for a single point. A Trinity end-run worked well for a gain of 30 yards. S.A.C. completed a forward, Dickie to Cox, but on the next play lost 10 yards because of a fumble on an end-run. Dickie returned a Trinity kick, which Hood dribbled to the T.C.S. 16 yard line. An S.A.C. pass, Bartlett to Cox, was relayed to Hood for a long gain. The game ended with St. Andrew's in possession of the ball at about the Trinity 35 yard line. S.A.C.: 2; T.C.S.: 10.

THIRD TEAM RUGBY

This year after the first few days of practising with the First Team, the Third Team went to their own field, and from then on were under the coaching of Mr. O'Brian. After a week or so of workouts they met a team from Pickering College for their first game.

Pickering, with a much heavier and more experienced team, rapidly marched up the field for an unconverted touchdown. A few moments later a beautiful 75-yard run was made, resulting in a touchdown which was converted. In the second quarter St. Andrew's improved very much, and succeeded in scoring a touchdown while holding the Pickering boys scoreless. In the third and fourth quarters the weight of the Pickering team proved too much for the Saints as the former scored three touchdowns and kicked for a single point. S.A.C.: 6; P.C.: 28.

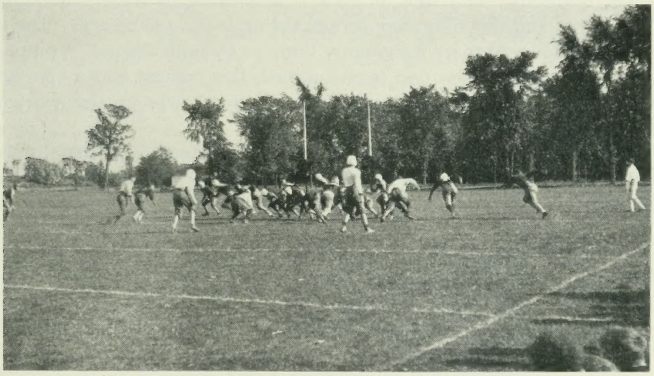


Front Row—Left to Right— Martin Harter, J. M. S. Pringle, C. T. H. MacIntosh, D. G. K. MacIntosh, K. E. Rogers, J. A. O'Brian, E. W. Thompson.
Second Row—Left to Right—W. M. Hees, R. J. Harris, E. W. Dodd, E. D. Bonnell, A. R. Armstrong, E. C. Gerhart, H. E. Roscoe.
Third Row—Left to Right— W. G. Soper, C. M. Shields, G. S. O'Brian, Esq., J. N. Kennedy, P. M. Holton.

Later the Third Team accompanied the Firsts to Port, Hope where they played a very exciting game. In the first quarter the Saints had a

slight advantage and MacIntosh I scored a touchdown. In the second and third quarters both teams played very well and neither could score. In the last quarter, however, Trinity secured two points on kicks. Then towards the end they went over the line to make the score 7 to 5. With only a very few minutes to play St. Andrew's kicked twice more to tie the score, and thus the game ended. S.A.C.: 7; T.C.S.: 7.

On Friday, October 18th, a 140-pound team from U.T.S. came to Aurora and played the Third Team. In the first quarter a St. Andrew's forward pass was intercepted by Suydam and run for a touchdown. At this stage the S.A.C. line was poor and U.T.S. went down the field for a touchdown by Hewitson. In the next quarter St. Andrew's improved



greatly and secured a touchdown by Harter and later on a single point on a kick. In the third quarter U.T.S. kicked off and on their third down S.A.C. completed an on-side kick. Till near the end of the quarter both sides played evenly until Rogers broke away for a long gain followed by another by MacIntosh I, when Rogers bucked through the line for a converted touchdown. In the final quarter both teams did a great deal of kicking and fumbles were frequent. A few forward passes were attempted, but none of these were successful. S.A.C.: 12; U.T.S. 10.

Later on in the season a 140-pound team visited Aurora and played an exciting game, which St. Andrew's won by a score of 13 to 9. In the first quarter both teams did exceedingly well, each obtaining two points. In the next quarter S.A.C. had a slight advantage and collected two more

points. In the third quarter U.C.C. made an extra effort and secured seven points, but in the last period the Saints came back and won the game with a nine point scoring splurge. S.A.C.: 13; U.C.C.: 9.

Several days later a return game was played with U.T.S. in Toronto at Ramsden Park, and this time S.A.C. was defeated by a score of 26 to 5. In this game the St. Andrew's boys could not get under way and U.T.S. was a much improved team.

On November 2nd, the Trinity Thirds came to Aurora with their First Team, and this time they turned the tables on the Saints. The day was quite cold and there were many fumbles by both teams. Compared to the other game these two teams played, this contest was a very poor exhibition. When the game ended St. Andrew's was on the short end of a 17 to 6 score.

During the games this season all the team played exceptionally well, but Rogers, MacIntosh I, and Harter deserve special mention for their fine efforts.

THE FOOTBALL DINNER.

The traditional Football Dinner was held on Saturday evening, December 7th.

After a most enjoyable dinner, a toast was proposed by Macdonald I. Mr. Ketchum, as toastmaster, responded, congratulating the team on its excellent performance this season and stressing the importance of continued fair play, which is more praiseworthy than any victory.

At the completion of the various toasts, a few of the School Songs were sung and then, to our complete surprise, a magician was introduced to us in the person of Mr. Rex. Slocombe, who with amazing versatility held our interest by his sleight of hand tricks and masterful selections on the accordion. We hope that the rest of the School may have the good fortune to see Mr. Slocombe perform later in the year.

With the singing of the National Anthem a most successful evening was brought to a close, congratulations on which must be offered to Miss Robertson.

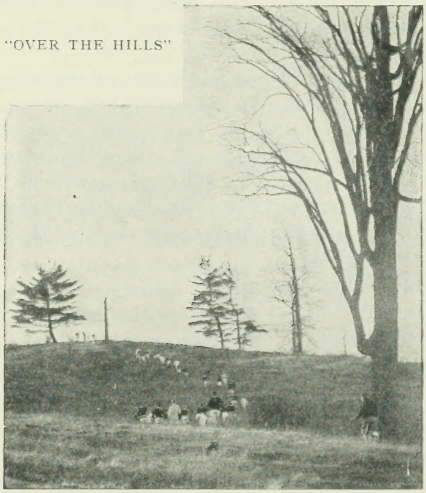
THE SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN

This year the annual cross country run was held on Wednesday, November 6th, at 2.30 p.m. The weather was cold. After a false start or two, when the gun failed to fire, the race finally got under way with the usual mad rush for the bridge, but soon the runners slackened to a steady pace. They followed the course over approximately four miles of the typical rough ground. Gerhart I was the first to cross the line in the slow time of 27 minutes.

Other dark horses in the race were Frith and Shields II, who finished second and third respectively. These three set the pace and outdistanced most of the competitors.

At the conclusion of the race the prizes were presented in the Flavelle House Common room. Mrs. Ketchum and Mrs. O'Brian kindly distributed them to the various winners before most of the Upper School boys. The winner, Gerhart I, won the gold medal and the distinction of having his name engraved on the Wallace Cup. Frith received the silver medal and Shields II the bronze. The other winners were presented with delicious cakes.

"OVER THE HILLS"



The various prize-winners were:

1st, Gold Medal—Gerhart I.
2nd, Silver Medal—Frith.
3rd, Bronze Medal—Shields II.
Prefect's Cake—Rowan.
Upper VI Form—Brydon I.
Lower VI Form—Grass.
General Course—Finlay.
V Form—Macdonald II.
IV Form—Van Wren.
First Team—Mackerrow.
Third Team—MacIntosh II.
Memorial House—McColl.
Flavelle House—Cox.
Macdonald House—MacKay.

SOCCER SIXES

At the end of the Rugby season this year the Soccer Sixes were organized and the games were played with the usual vigour and rivalry. The eight-game series was operated on a point basis and for the second year in succession Cox led his team to victory. In the finals, Cox's Wolves defeated Dickie's Lions by a score of 3 to 0 in a fast game. On Tuesday, November 19th, the Wolves met the Masters for the championship and defeated them 3 to 0.

Play began with the weather cold and cloudy and before half time it had commenced to hail. Ere the finish of the game the hail turned to rain, but the enthusiastic spectators bore it good-naturedly. At half time the new-boys provided some entertainment, while the wearied Masters gained a well earned rest. They imitated Emperor Selassi reviewing his troops, and during the second half of the game cheered constantly for the Masters.

During the first half the Wolves missed several opportunities, on one occasion hitting the goal post. In the second half the condition of the boys gave them an advantage and they scored three goals, two by MacIntosh I on good passing plays, and one by Mackerrow on a fine solo rush. Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Millward showed up best for the Masters with Mr. Ketchum and Mr. O'Brian not far behind.

As a result of this game the Wolves were declared the Soccer champions of the school for 1935.

Masters		*Wolves*
Mr. Tudball	Goal	Thompson II
Mr. Ketchum	Defence	Cox
Mr. Griffiths	"	Armstrong
Mr. Millward	Forward	Mackerrow
Mr. O'Brian	"	MacIntosh I
Mr. Ross	"	Gerhart I
Mr. Dowden	Subst.	Rogers
Mr. Patterson	"	

Macdonald House

MY FAVOURITE VILLAGE

DOWN in the south corner of England lies the small village of Kenting. Nestling under the brow of a hill, with downs to the north, green and verdant pastures to the west, and the sparkling sea to the south, is situated this most charming and picturesque spot.

Kenting has one main and narrow street, with even narrower ones diverging from it. Let us walk down one of these narrow lanes, ill-lit, but well-kept. The poor and humble houses are very close to one another. Indeed so close are they, that one could almost shake hands with one's friend in the adjacent building. Down on the water's-edge are moored the small smacks of the fisher-folk. These sturdy fisher-folk depend upon fishing for their living, and are consequently exposed to hardships and dangers. They sit on the jetties smoking their clay pipes and telling some "tall-tale". At noon their wives bring their meal, simple but good. The food soon disappears and more is made ready. This perhaps, is their last meal. Who knows?

"For men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning."

Meanwhile, the children fish in the brackish waters of the bay, and run up and down the jetty in great glee, when they make a catch.

Outside the village, there are a few farms, owned by the typical red-faced farmer and his simple wife. The farmer sows the wheat, while his wife attends to all the household requirements. The children also help with the work by driving away the birds, by the beating of pans, from the precious ripening crops. The beautiful apple trees are heavily laden with fruit, the colour of the cheeks of the Cornish maids. In the court-yard, we may even catch a glimpse of "proud mother duck" giving her little yellow ducklings their first swimming lesson.

The naïveté, and hospitality of the people, the quiet, and the invigorating country air, all go to distract one's troubled thoughts, and make Kenting one of the most delightful places in which to spend a holiday.

H. B. CONNACHER,
Form V.

THE FOREST FIRE

A LURID glare lit the sky above the little village of Petersburg, situated in the heart of the virgin forests of Northern Ontario. The terrifying alarm of fire was spread from mouth to mouth through the village. Men, women, and children hurried into the forest, carrying picks, shovels, and pails of water, with which to fight for their homes against their dreaded enemy, the forest fire. Dense columns of smoke rose from the forest a short distance from the village, and hung low, in thick black clouds, over the surrounding country. All the able-bodied men and youths among the villagers divided themselves into groups, determined to halt the devastating approach of the fire upon their village. Hurriedly taking up their picks and shovels, they set about to dig a wide ditch along the front of the oncoming fire. As the flames drew nearer, the heat became intense. To the panting, toiling men, it seemed as if the roar and crackle of the hungry flames was a warning for them to exert themselves to an even greater degree, if they would halt the advancing menace. Furiously they dug until the fire had almost reached their hastily constructed ditch, and their singed and blistered hands could do no more. Their enemy had not yet been defeated, however. Though hindered by the ditch, the hungry flames reached out long tongues which occasionally set alight the grass on the other side. When this occurred the alert though nearly exhausted villagers rushed to the spot to stamp it out before it got started. It was not until two or three hours later that the last flame was put out and the terrifying fire had been effectually conquered.

As the weary villagers gazed on the scene of destruction left in the wake of their formidable foe, the smouldering remains of great trees, and the acres of valuable timber, charred and fallen, each one felt deeply thankful that his home and possessions had been spared from destruction by the deadliest enemy of the north country.

D. B. Kilpatrick,
Form IV.

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY

Captain Allespach I and his Lower School rugbyists completed a well rounded out season with a decisive victory over Lakefield School, thus winning three of their five scheduled games with outside schools. Honours were even with U.C.C. and Appleby School as these teams won their home games and lost to S.A.C. at S.A.C. The boys particularly enjoyed their games away from home with Upper Canada College "prep" and Appleby School, where they were royally entertained after the games by the players of the home teams.

The team as a whole was greatly improved; the spirit was good and each player tried his hardest in every match. Of the lighter players McKay was in a class by himself defensively, but his offensive game will bear improving. Tisdall II, Foerster and Diver II tackled well and will form the nucleus of a strong 1936 squad. Allespach I deserves special mention for his able leadership and splendid playing. Marlatt shared the scoring honours with Allespach I.

The first Lower School S.A.C. vs. U.C.C. rugby game was played at 3.00 on Tuesday, October 8th at St. Andrew's. U.C.C. kicked off and play commenced in earnest. Both teams seemed to be fairly equal, and thus there was no score in the 1st, 2nd or 3rd quarters. Allespach plunged frequently for yards for S.A.C. and Aird completed several passes for U.C.C. The kicking was fair, although many kicks were blocked or the kicker was hurried.

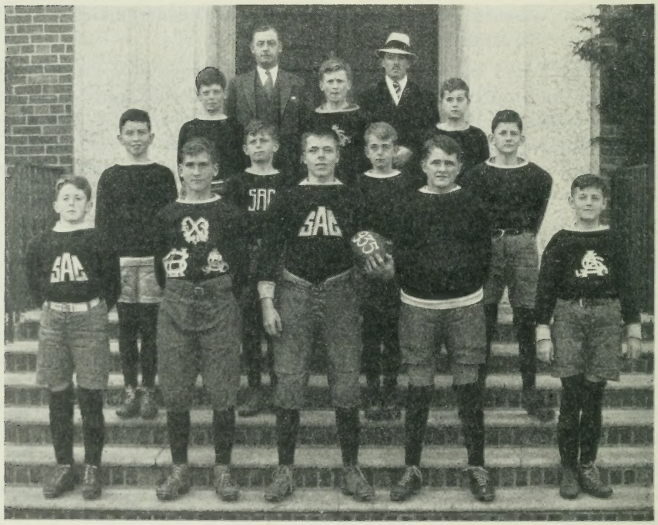
In the fourth quarter Marlatt broke away for a long run down the field towards the touchline. Allespach I carried the ball over for a touchdown, which Marlatt converted. The game recommenced, but there was no score for either team before the final whistle, and the game ended 6-0 for St. Andrew's.

The 2nd S.A.C. vs. U.C.C. rugby game was played at Upper Canada. Soon after the game began Aird dribbled a loose ball over the St. Andrew's line for a rouge. A forward pass caught by Aird brought the Blues near their opponents' line and resulted in a touchdown. St. Andrew's managed to force U.C.C. to rouge on Marlatt's kick, but otherwise the Saints were held scoreless. When the final whistle blew the score was 9-1.

The first Appleby game vs. S.A.C. was played on a fine day. It was soon apparent that the teams were very evenly matched. Nevertheless S.A.C. pushed slowly towards their opponents' goal and Harter scored the first touchdown. The Appleby players, after a hard struggle, scored a touchdown. From then on play was strenuous. The kicking was fair and both teams were desperately trying to score, and prevent the other team from scoring. Finally S.A.C. scored, but then Appleby soon pressed forward and also scored. Both teams were now fighting hard, and eventually S.A.C. scored the winning try. Score—S.A.C.: 17; Appleby: 12.

The 2nd Appleby vs. S.A.C. 110 lb. team game was played at Appleby. The Appleby team proceeded to gain yards rapidly and soon scored a touchdown. Allespach plunged and made yards often for S.A.C. Appleby again scored before half-time. Clouds had been gathering through the first half and now the rain came. The players went back on the field and played in the slippery mud. In this half both St. Andrew's and Appleby scored, the final score being Lakefield 14-8.

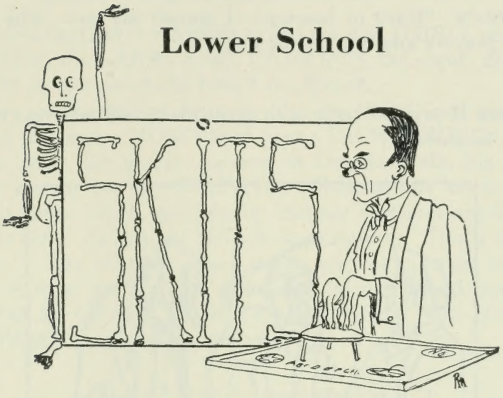
Lakefield Lower School Rugbyists visited the S.A.C. Lower School team on Monday, November 4th. At first St. Andrew's began to gain on Lakefield rapidly, soon scoring a touchdown, which was made by Allespach I. The game continued and finally Lakefield scored, Bailey taking the ball over the line. This was converted. Allespach I continued to make long runs so that he soon scored again, the score now standing 12-6. The game continued for a while until S.A.C. was a short distance from the Lakefield line. Diver II scored the touchdown. Soon the game ended with the score 18-6 in favour of S.A.C. Wilson, Fox-Revett, MacIntosh, Hampson II, Augustine, Diver III, Johnson, Moss and Willis played in the second half.



LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM

Front Row—Left to Right— V. J. Diver, K. A. W. Marlatt, B. W. Allespach, R. H. Kyle, F. G. Tisdall.
Second Row—Left to Right—L. G. Hampson, D. A. Foerster, W. H. Diver, C. S. Fox-Revett.
Third Row—Left to Right— J. H. Johnson, R. W. McKay, C. D. MacIntosh.
Fourth Row—Left to Right—T. B. D. Tudhall, Esq., R. B. Cowan, Esq.
Absent—P. Allespach and M. Wilson.

Lower School



AT THE LIT.

KEMP: "Did the audience applaud me?"

SISMAN: "Applaud? They made about as much noise as a rubber heel in a snowdrift."

* * * * *

ASSAULT-AT-(H)ARMS

CARR (between rounds): "Have I done him any damage?"

BOWSER (his second): "Not yet; but keep on swinging your arms about. The draught may give him a cold."

* * * * *

MACINTOSH III (testing the wall of newly built hut): "I'm speaking quietly, Vic. Can you hear me?"

DIVER II: "Hear you? That's a good one. I can see you in three places."

* * * * *

ON THE SCENT

Jerry the Beagle unearthed a set of teeth on the senior football field. The hunt for the remainder of the full-back is being pressed.

Moss: "That new master seems a little hard of hearing."

Kilpatrick: "Hard of hearing! I should say so! Why, once he conducted prayers kneeling on the dog!"

* * * * *

Allespach II says his radio is so small that it will only get two of the four Marx brothers.



Master: "Thompson III. If you are facing the North, is the East to your right or to your left?"

Thompson III: "I don't know, Sir. I'm a stranger in these parts."

* * * * *

MacIntosh III: "This summer I saw the Devil's Gorge."

Marlatt: "Well, I don't blame 'em. I do a bit of it myself."

* * * * *

High Class Joke

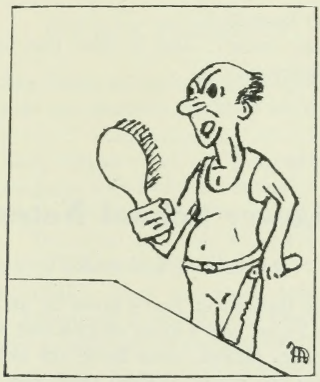
She was only a Geographer's daughter, but oh! what a map she had.

THE BRYDON GROOM

As the crowds stand in suSPENCE and the AULD BELL peals harder and HARTER, the CARRs slowly CAMERON the corner and skid to a HOLTON on the pavement before the church.

A driver, getting out of his seat, lifts the HOOD and remarks: "I KENT find that noise; MOSS't have been a DICKIE-BOYD."

At this point the groom appears on the side-walk, his HARRIS unKEMPt having lost his CHRISTIE. Obviously he has been DUNCAN in his coffee which, incidentally, did not cost him anything as he got it on the cuff. As he is not SOPER, he murmurs: "This is MORTON I can bear." The next car which draws up, contains the bride. He FOERSTER from her position. She slips upon the walk and falls on her SEATON the GRASS. HOWE the crowd roars! She picks herself up and BOWSER way into the church.



MASTER: "Take out what you have in your mouth."
DIVER II: "I wish I could, Sir; it's a toothache."

* * * *

KEMP: "I'm thirsty; I want a drink."
ORGILL: "Have a glass of milk; it's good for your blood."
KEMP: "I'm not blood thirsty."

MR. DOWDEN: "Your son spells atrociously."

PARENT: "Splendid! I couldn't spell it myself."

* * * *

MR. GRIFFITHS (waiting at the railroad crossing): "How long is the train going to be?"

SIGNAL MAN: "An engine and six coaches, I expect."

* * * *

MR. TUDBALL: "As you walk outdoors on a cold winter's morning and look about you, what do you see on every hand?"

HAMPSON I: "Gloves, Sir."

* * * *

HAMPSON II: "Why don't the Scotts like canned food?"

MACINTOSH III: "Because they can't eat the cans."

* * * *

WILLS (doing his evening lessons at home): "Brother, where is the source of the Volga?"

BROTHER: "I don't know."

WILLIS: "You don't know! And to think that to-morrow I may be punished for your ignorance."

Lower School Notes

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Lower School Hallowe'en party given by Mr. and Mrs. Tudball assisted by Miss De Vigne, was a great success and was very enjoyable. There were many games played, some being the peanut hunt, a string trick game, and "spin the plate". Then there was the Yo-Yo contest judged by Fred Diver, the winner of the previous year's contest. Diver I gave an exhibition with Hampson II this, year's winner, after the contest. Franceschini won Group 3, Wilson Group 2, and Hampson II Group 1.

The refreshments were delicious and all the boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and were very sorry when the party ended.

LOWER SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY RUN

Bonnell was the winner of the junior cross-country run, finishing in 15 minutes and 49 seconds, just 20 seconds over the record established by Powell under ideal conditions some few years ago. Kilpatrick, who

pressed Bonnell all the way, finished second. Every boy in Macdonald House ran and all finished—even to Patterson, who, it is reported, was "but a shadow of his former self", when he crossed the line.

The prizes to the successful competitors were presented by Mrs. Tudball in the Common Room after the race.

The results:

1st: Silver Medal—Bonnell.
2nd: Bronze Medal—Kilpatrick.
Form IV—Marlatt.
Form III: Cake—Allespach I.
Form II: Cake—Diver II.
Form I & Prep.—Diver III.
Upper Flat—Sisman.
Lower Falt—Hampson II.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

Three good hockey teams at least should represent the Lower School this year according to the material available in Macdonald House this winter.

As usual the Lower School team will play two games with U.C.C. prep, and at least one game with Lakefield School. Marlatt, Allespach I and Diver II are again available for the squad, and should provide defensive strength. The other positions will have to be filled by boys from last year's "twelve and under squad" or by new boys.

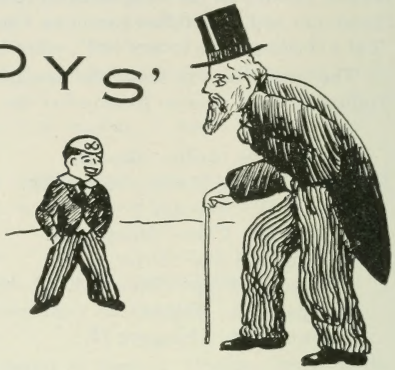
The Macdonald House team will have Auld, Bonnell, Diver I, Hampson I, Kemp, Kilpatrick, Kyle, Shields, Bowser and Sisman available, and should have no difficulty in organizing a strong team.

Allespach II, Augustine, Cameron I and II, Diver III, Foerster, Hampson II, MacIntosh III, Moss, Tisdall II, Wilson, Boyd and Willis will try to catch places on the "under 12 team".

LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER

After the rugby was over, about two weeks were spent in daily soccer games. The house was divided into two teams each day, and then play commenced. The masters played in these games also, and at one time as many as four of them took part. After the Upper School soccer finals were over, Macdonald House ceased playing and the season ended.

OLD BOYS' NEWS



Class Notes

1910—Gilbert N. Tucker (London, Ont.) is now Assistant Professor in the History Department in Branford College, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

1910—On June 4th, 1935, Judge J. F. McKinley (Ottawa) addressed the Rotary Club in Toronto.

1910—Malcolm E. Ross is in the Real Estate business with Messrs. McBrien, Edwards & Young, Ltd., 156 Yonge St.

1910—After a good many years word has come from D. Gordon Allen, who is now with the H. Vaughan Clarke & Company, Government, Municipal & Corporation Bonds, Philadelphia, Pa.

1912—R. O. G. Morton is General Staff Officer of Military District No. 11, which includes the Yukon as well as B.C.

1912—Denton Massey, Ontario Campaign Director for the Federal Conservative Party, was elected in the Greenwood Riding.

1913—Graham F. Towers greeted Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, in Montreal, on his recent visit to Canada.

1913—Dr. W. Neil D. Black (Kingston, Ont.) is on the staff of the Marcey State Hospital, Marcy, N.Y.

1916—W. G. Mackenzie is President of the British Columbia Bridge & Dredging Co. Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.

1919—For some time H. W. Rutledge (Orangeville) has been Manager of the Western Adjustment and Inspection Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.

1923—Jack Cameron won the Seigniory Golf Club invitation tournament with a 36-hole score of 150, defeating a strong field of amateurs from the Montreal and Ottawa districts.

1923—For the second time in four years the Seigniory Club annual invitation golf tournament has been played. Jack Cameron who entered from the Lookout Point Golf Club, Fonthill, Ont., won with the lowest thirty-six hole score on record.

1924—E. S. Magill (Winnipeg) is now with the Gabrielle Mines, Man.

1924—John Graham Fitzpatrick (Buffalo) is now with the Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., 311 Curtis Bldg., Detroit.

1926—For two weeks before his marriage, Randolph Crowe took the leading part in "Once in a Life-Time" at Hart House. After their marriage he and his bride left for Hollywood, where Crowe intends to study.

1926—Eric Van Horn, known to us as Randolph Crowe, has stepped into Grand Opera with the Pasadena Players in Walter Hampden's latest venture.

"Achilles Has a Heel". We have received several highly eulogistic notices of his work in California this season.

1927—John Argue is in his fourth year of Commerce and Finance.

1930—Robert E. Eakins called at the school during July last. He is now with the Bank of Nova Scotia in Port Arthur.

1930—Since leaving S.A.C. David E. Kilgour (Winnipeg) has attended the University of Manitoba and the Research Bureau School of Life Insurance Management, and has now been appointed to the position of Inspector of Agencies with the Great-West Life Assurance Co.

1931—John H. Grange (Napanee) has entered the firm of Harrington, Warner & Grange, as a Law student.

1931—After spending four years at McGill University, Gaylen Duncan is at Harvard taking a course in Business Administration.

1931—Since March, 1933, John A. C. Kennedy has been with the Industrial Acceptance Corporation, Sun Life Bldg., Montreal.

1931—Gaylen Duncan is at Harvard taking a post-graduate course in Journalism.

1932—John Findlay is in his last year of Commerce and Finance. He played on the McGill Golf Team, and was runner-up for the Intercollegiate Golf Championship.

1933—Ernest Robertson (Milton West) is attending the Aeronautical School and course in Air Reserve in England.

1933—Arthur Gladman is in third year science, pre-medicine.

1933—Donald McLean is in second year Science.

1934—Jim Shoch (Philadelphia) is with the Whitehall Cement Co.

1934—Donald Tempest is now attending McGill University.

1934—Grant Donnelly is in first year Science, pre-medicine.

1934—John Powell is in second year Science, pre-medicine.

1934—James R. Shoch is with the Whithall Cement Company, in Philadelphia, Pa.

1934—Donald Tempest is in first year Engineering.

1935—Bill Adams is in first year Arts at the University of Toronto.

1935—Harold Barker is in first year Science at Queen's.

1935—Gordon Cockfield is in first year Arts.

1935—Ray Eddy is with the Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Co. of Timmins.

1935—Robert Brown is now attending Lower Canada College in Montreal. Lucky Lower Canada!

1935—Peter Rea is with the Bank of Nova Scotia in Toronto.

1935—Tom Hethrington is attending U.T.S. in Toronto.

1935—David Albertson is in first year Science, pre-medicine at the University of Toronto

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The following is a quotation of a letter received from H. M. Cummings who was married to Miss E. F. Barnes on September 28th, 1935: "I would deem it a favour to be remembered to the Old Boys through the REVIEW and that I regret not having had an opportunity to visit my old school."

The Hon Vincent Massey has been appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London by the Dominion Government. He succeeded the Hon. G. H. Ferguson The appointment became effective on November 8th.

Many Old Boys will be interested in the following letter:

124 Langford Ave., Toronto
Nov. 15th, 1935.

Dear Miss Brookes:

As promised to-day, I am going to try and give you some memories, or reminiscences, of the old days at S.A.C. I think it would be a good idea to have in every issue a "Do you Remember" page, such as follows:

Do you remember the day that William Jennings Bryan spoke to us in Chapel?—The day we beat U.C.C. at cricket?—The cricket game that I caught three out at Ridley, and yelled "Ouch" as I caught the last one and did not know that I had the ball? Dr. Macdonald and Gordon Cassels will remember the occasion.—The day that George Paterson kicked the football backwards?—Alex. McLennan, Vic Diver and the old bunch will remember it was at U.C.C. The day that Dutch Bollard won the Wrestling Championship at the Y.M.C.A. on Yonge Street? The day we put the S.A.C. flag on the U.C.C. goal posts on the Rosedale

grounds, when "Chappie" showed his pugilistic prowess? The good times we had in the old Gym. marching around for Mr. Chapman, instead of writing lines? Can anyone forget the cane Dr. Macdonald used, to say nothing about the strap? (I never will.) The day that Maw ran away from School, with Dr. Macdonald chasing him, and Jimmie Bicknell said "Dr. Macdonald leads by half a mile"? Those in old Chestnut Park on Yonge Street will never forget the crackers and milk in the old white jug, the old barn, and the high green fence. Being the first boy in Kagawong Camp, I will never forget the first Camp with Bud Brown and the old gang. Will old III-B. class ever forget the look on Daddy Holmes' face when he discovered the article of ladies' apparel on the gas mantle piece in Rosedale? Ask Warner Paterson or Vic Diver! The slips that used to be handed out "A.E.T. 4:00 to 6:00 P.M."? Some of the boys will remember how I used to hand them out—faking the signature. I suppose something should be said about the First Team and the Tally-Ho, with the six white horses—the old Mutual Street Rink—the fights with toughs in the Ravine—the Eton suits (minus stiff fronts—hankies instead)—the inititiation days—soap on the cinder paths, etc. How we used to get Daddy Mills mad at times (a real good old scout loved by all). The water fights in Upper North, to say nothing of the pillow fights. Who would forget the Assault-at-Arms, with the clowns? Oh! Boy! how we liked them. Fink Crawford, Dutch Bollard, Bill Davidson, Fat McAvity—and wasn't our Ernie Chapman an acrobat in those days—double flips, etc.? How he would put us through the drills, his favorite saying being, "Come on, now; put some pep into it." The good old Cadet Corps—little did we know that we would be donning khaki in later years. Ten cents pocket money was the rations in those days, and we should never forget Mrs. Williams in the Tuck Shop. Rosedale was Rosedale at that time. There was the old Golf Course where Whitney and Edgar Avenues are now situated, and the golfers would tee off at the bottom of MacLennan Avenue hill. It was all bush up over the hill. Well, Miss Brookes, looking back I think of Mr. Taylor, Mr. Knighton, Mr. James, Mr. Magee, Mr. Chapman (good old Ernie), Mr. Laidlaw (the old reliable Bobbie) and his violin. Also, the renowned Mr. Tudball (Tuddy); though he can't play soccer. Then the good old stand bys—Dr. Robinson, Mr. Fleming and, by the way, have my good friend, Mr. Findlay, check over the English in this letter. (I was his star pupil—Yes?—No?)

Well, Miss Brookes, I could go on for days like this bringing back old times, and as the years roll on I certainly shall never forget the good times that I had at S.A.C. There is one incident in my life that stands out; it will live for ever. When I returned from Overseas, Dr. Macdonald took me into the Assembly Hall and I saw the names of the Old Boys

who had paid the supreme sacrifice, and on that tablet I could count numerous ones who had been with me at school. That list, and thoughts that ran through my mind at that time will ever live—it fairly thrilled me to think that S.A.C. had turned out so many wonderful men, and for them to die in their country's cause. I could see a look on Dr. Macdonald's face when he said "Unc, a lot of those boys were here with you", and it was hard for me to answer him. The new School is certainly a monument to those Boys, Miss Brookes, for without their past College records St. Andrew's could not have gone on. In my travels I've met many Old Boys all over the country and it is grand to meet them and have them call me "Unc". I have a boy ten years of age and I hope some day that "Little Unc" will carry on at S.A.C. where "Big Unc" left off—minus the cane and strap.

I sincerely hope with all my heart that Mrs. Macdonald is enjoying the best of health. I always counted Mrs. Macdonald as my Mother, and Dr. Macdonald, though he did strap me now and again, as my Dad—and you and your sister, Miss Brookes, as my two grown up sisters. I'm only 40, but writing this for you make me feel like 15. All I can say is "Those were the best days of my life".

I hope that this will give you some food for thought and you are at liberty to put it in any form you like. In the meantime accept my very best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) "Unc" Dyment.

Marriages

CAMERON-GRANT—On Monday, April 15th, 1935, John A. Cameron married to Miss Margaret Grant of St. Lambert's, Que.

CARSON-BROWNE—On Saturday, June 22nd, 1935, Hugh Thomas Carson of Ottawa, married to Miss Ruth Shirley Browne.

CRAIG-STEWART—On Saturday, September 14th, 1935, Gibson Edward Craig, married to Miss Marguerite Isabel Stewart of Toronto.

CROWE-STEWART—On Monday, October the 21st, 1935, Randolph Crowe, married to Miss Kathleen L. Stewart of Toronto.

CUMMINGS-MACKAY—On Saturday, June 29th, 1935, Charles Donald Cummings, married to Miss June Bernice Evelyn MacKay of Toronto.

CUMMINGS-BARNES—On Saturday, September the 28th, Howard Mead Cummings, married to Miss Fay Barnes of San Francisco, Cal.

ELLSWORTH-GIBSON—On August 24th, 1935, George Eric Ellsworth, married to Miss Grace Eleanor Gibson of Lewiston, Ont.

EATON-FINLAYSON—On November 28th, 1935, John W. Eaton married to Miss Phyllis Finlayson of Midland.

GOULDING-ADAMS—On Saturday, October 12th, 1935, John Philip Goulding, married to Miss Mary McIntosh Adams of Toronto.

HOUSSER-MCKAGUE—On Friday, June 28th, 1935, Frederick Broughton Housser, married to Miss Yvonne Muriel in McKague.

LOUGH-HAYES—On Wednesday, September 11th, 1935, Chauncey Douglas Lough, married to Miss Ruth Hayes of Toronto.

MCDOUGALL-GRAHAM—On August 1st, 1935, Joseph Easten McDougall, married to Miss Aileen Crawley Graham of Montreal.

MERCER-SHEPPARD—On Thursday, August 8th, Donald A. Mercer, married to Miss June Sheppard of Toronto.

MILNE-MOODIE—In November, 1935, Donald W. Milne married to Miss Dorothy Janet Moodie of North Bay.

PAULIN-BICKELL—On Dec. 3rd, 1935, Rev. J. B. Paulin, D.D., married to Miss Marjorie Bickell, of Toronto.

RUSSELL-RYAN—On September 5th, 1935, Thomas B. Russell, married to Miss Phyllis Ryan of Toronto.

SCYTHES-MITCHELL—On Saturday, July 27th, 1935, Bruce Scythes married to Miss Dorothy Mitchell of Toronto.

SINCLAIR-MCKNIGHT—In July, 1935, Peter A. Sinclair, married to Miss Mildred McKnight of Barrie, Ont.

STRATHY-HOMFRAY—On Wednesday, October 23rd, Edward B. Strathy, married to Miss Thelma Homfray.

WILSON-MCCOLLUM—On Saturday, September 14th, 1935, Donald C. Wilson, married to Miss Maria McCollum of Toronto.

YOUNG-MUMFORD—In August, 1935, John T. W. Young, married to Miss Muriel Mumford of Sudbury.

Births

BEAUREGARD—In Toronto, Friday, September 13, to Mr. and Mrs. S. S. T. Beauregard, a daughter.

CARRICK—On December 4th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. C. Carrick, a daughter.

DAVISON—On Friday, October 18th, to Mr and Mrs. R. F. Davison, a son.

FRITH—To Mr. and Mrs William Frith of Hamilton, Bermuda, the birth of a son, September 10th, 1935.

GRANT—On October 9th, 1935, at Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., to Mr. and Mrs. Willard G. Grant, a daughter, Rosemary Alison.

Findlay—Of Carleton Place, Ontario Monday, July 8th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamilton Findlay, a daughter.

Harris—In Toronto, Wednesday, August 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin Read Harris, a son.

Horsfall—At Wellesley Hospital, on Tuesday, November 5th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Douglas Horsfall, a daughter.

MacKeen—At Ottawa, on Saturday, Junse 1st, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. David W. MacKeen, a son

Ross—In Toronto, Tuesday, August 27th to Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas F. Ross, a son.

Vivian—At St. Joseph's Hospital, September 20th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Vivian, 197 Lansdowne Avenue, a daughter.

Young—On Thursday, October 10th, 1935, at Iroquois Falls, Ont., To Dr. and Mrs. H Maitland Young, a son.

Obituaries

The Review extends most sincere sympathy to Mr. Donald R. McLaughlin, in the loss of his wife.

The Review also extends to Mr. and Mrs. W. Perry MacKay of Simcoe its most sincere sympathy, in the loss of their two and a half year old son by drowning.

Sympathy is extended to Eric S. Skead on the death of his wife, and also to Forsey P. Page in the death of his wife on October 17th, 1935.

We also offer sincere sympathy to Dr. W. Kerr Skinner on the loss of his wife. Skinner was married recently and sailed almost immediately for Ireland. His wife contracted "flu" and pneumonia on board the boat and died soon after reaching Ireland.

The sincere sympathy of the Review is extended to Dr. and Mrs. H. Maitland Young on the death of their twelve-year old son, on June 15th, 1935.

The Review extends its sympathy to Mr. N. R. Waddington, a former master of the School and now principal of St. Paul's School, on the death of his wife, née Helen Lovitt Wickwire.

Cantley, Charles Lang, was born in New Glasgow, N.S., on May 4th, 1884. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1900, and obtained his Matriculation in to McGill University in June, 1902. While at School he played on the first football and hockey teams, and was a Senior Prefect. In the Autumn of 1902 he went up to McGill University, where, while playing with the Football Team, he received a serious injury to his knee, which necessitated his returning home at the end of his first

term. Later he went to Wabana for the Nova Scotia Steel Company, and remained there until 1905, when in the Autumn he came to St. Andrew's College as a House Master in the Lower School, and took up work at the University of Toronto. The next Autumn he returned to McGill to continue his course and obtained the degree of B.Sc. in May, 1909. While at McGill Cantley had a distinguished career, winning the Prize Essay contest of the Canadian Society of Engineers in 1908 and in 1909. During the session of 1907-1908 he was President of the McGill Union.

After graduation he returned to the Nova Scotia Steel Co., and in June, 1912, was appointed assistant to the General Manager.

When War broke out in 1914, he had become an authority of some note in the steel industry, but left it all behind to join the First Contingent. He received a commission in the 5th Royal Highlanders and went overseas with the 13th Battalion. He was in France in the Summer of 1915, when he was asked by the Canadian Minister of Militia to leave the front and return home, as he was the outstanding authority on some phases of the treatment of steel, and was needed in the munition services. However, he declined voluntarily to leave his companions in the front line. He was then ordered by the British authorities to report in London, where he found he was under further orders to return to Canada for special service with the rank of Major.

In 1918 he returned to England and was ordered by the Canadian authorities to take various courses of instruction in England. In September, 1918, his last course of two months at Cambridge was completed and he was sent to France to visit every Canadian Battalion at the front, and then to report to his original Battalion, the 13th Royal Highlanders, for further orders. On reporting he found the C.O. was absent taking a two weeks' course and Cantley was under instructions to await his return. The 13th were at that time busy before Cambrai and had lost many junior officers. Cantley asked to be allowed to go out in charge of a platoon while he was waiting. In the meantime Major-General Loomis appointed him his A.D.C. While waiting for this appointment to be posted, he carried on as a Lieutenant with the 13th Battalion, and about the middle of September, 1918, received ten wounds from one shrapnel shell. Fortunately, all the wounds but one were minor. A severe injury to his knee necessitated an operation behind the lines and subsequently a sojourn in a London hospital, where he found himself beside our own Mr. Tudball, who was also recovering from a wound.

After the Armistice he returned to Canada and was with the Nova Scotia Steel Co. for a time. Later he went to New York for the American Solway Corporation, and subsequently moved to Montreal to accept the position of General Manager of the Nichols Engineering & Research

Corporation of Canada. Somewhat more than a year ago he was appointed President of the Corporation. He had achieved eminence both in business and professional life when he died as the result of a heart attack suffered while swimming off Scarboro Beach, July 14th, 1935.

One of the old guard who became an Andrean in the earliest days of St. Andrew's at Chestnut Park, the news of Charlie Cantley's death came as a great shock to all who knew him as boy and man. St. Andrew's has lost a loyal, tried and well-loved old boy, and Canadian business and professional life is the poorer for his passing, for Charles Lang Cantley always stood for the finer things in life and never ceased to be a keen student and omnivorous reader.

In June, 1921, he married Miss Evelyn Wilson, of Craigmaddie, Milngavie, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

To his widow, father, sister and brothers, themselves Andreans, THE REVIEW offers the sincere sympathy of Andreans past and present in the tragic loss they have sustained.

THE REVIEW publishes the names and addresses of Old Boys living in Hamilton and Ottawa

HAMILTON

NAME	ADDRESS
Adam, Robert R.	
Ball, B. R.	4 Rosendene Ave., Mt. Hamilton
Barnfield, H. S.	
Biggar, S. F.	8 Cottage Ave.
Bole, W. W. R.	277 Cumberland St.
Booth, C. D.	
Booth, C. H.	147 Aberdeen Ave.
Bradley, Thos. B.	
Boyd, Wm. Macpherson	Canadian Cottons Ltd.
Cooch, Harold A.	Can. Westinghouse Co.
Drynan, Norman L.	399 Queen St. S.
Duffy, Edward	224 Herkimer St.
Delaplante, A. W.	Delaplante Lumber Co.
Lees, C. S.	175 Delaware Ave.
Gallagher, T. Harold	Dominion Securities
Innes, D. L.	129 Duke St.
Kirkland, W. C.	113 Emerald St. South
Livingston, F. Hilker	Canadian Bank of Commerce
MacLaren, Alstair	
Mills, R. Colin	20 Ravenscliffe Cres.
Milne, J. E.	127 Delaware Ave.
Smith, James G.	1268 King Street E.
Smith, Harvey M.	1268 King Street E.
Smith, Harold G.	1268 King Street E.
Smith, H. Penman	Mohawk Mills Ltd.


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MILK
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53HS
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Vallance, A. B.	
Zealand, Herbert	134 Duke St.
Westaway, Wm. Donald	278 Aberdeen Ave.

OTTAWA

NAME	ADDRESS
Argue, Thos. F.	590 Lisgar St.
Argue, John D.	590 Lisgar St.
Aspden, A. K.	199 Chapel St.
Ault, Lloyd M.	475 Island Park Drive
Ault, A. Donald	475 Island Park Drive
Bell, Wm. David	
Birkett, Edwin D.	
Beattie, Geo. Eric	409 Queen St.
Bingham, Wm. Fred	393 Somerset St.
Bremner, Donald E. W.	345 Laurier Ave.
Bronson, Harry F.	182 Clemow Ave.
Buckley, G. R.	Finance Dept., Parliament Buildings
Brawn, Lawrence Ramsay	388 Main St., Ottawa Car Garage
Cameron, Alan K.	143 MacLaren St.
Cameron, Wm. C.	61 Fifth Ave.
Carling, Fred B.	126 Sparks At.
Carson, H. Thos.	209 Holmwood Ave.
Chamberlain, E. Lorne	74 Nepean St.
Cochrane, Belton	
Coplan, Harold P.	7 Clemow Ave.
Fleck, A. Walter	482 Nelson St.
Fraser, J. D.	524 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Pk.
Green, Ainslie W.	63 Sparks St.
Hill, H. P.	335 Chapel St.
Ings, Jasper H.	38 Monk St.
Johnson, Lyle H.	205 Clemow Ave.
Lanskail, Rufus D.	Central Finance Corp.
McGregor, Gordon R.	Bell Telephone Co.
McKinley, Judge John F.	Residence, 68 Park Rd.
McLaurin, Alan C.	318 Fairmount Ave.
Macaulay, Evan A.	338 Arlington Ave.
May, G. H.	74 Rideau St.
Moffat, C. G. H.	540 Manor Rd.
Monk, Henry C.	c/o H. C. Monk Co. 54 Can. Life Bld.
Pink, Shirley B.	28 Woodlawn Ave.
Plaunt, Alan B.	1 Clemow Ave.
Skead, Eric S.	Riverview
Stewart, Alan	67 Somerset St. W.
Taggart, E. McKay	211 Clemow Ave.
Towers, Graham A. F.	Bank of Canada
White, Herbert P.	57 Roxboro Apts.
Wickware, Walter H.	29 Powell Ave.

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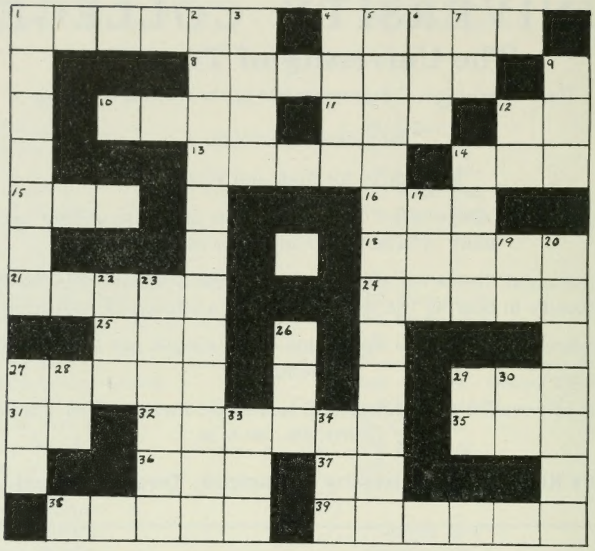
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ACROSS

1. It relieves the morning drudgery.
4. Either side of a platoon.
8. Strung above the houses.
10. Smart or neat.
11. We do this as a winter sport.
12. Preposition denoting possession.
13. Recess in a wall to contain a statue.
14. Skill.
15. Aged.
16. Team colours must be obtained in this way.
18. Lifeless.
21. A silk material of glossy surface.
24. Comparative of "new".
25. In addition to.
27. To disagree.
29. Plus.
31. Resting upon.
32. To snap again or refasten.
35. River in Scotland.
36. Female sheep.
37. Concerning (Latin).
38. Body of temporary policemen.
39. Amazed.

DOWN

1. Ministers.
2. Our "Alma Mater".
3. Half.
4. It isn't Friday without it.
5. Lake in Western Canada.
6. Ally as pronounced.
7. A Maritime province.
9. Stern quarters of a ship.
12. Either.
14. Afresh.
17. Single.
19. About (used in correspondence.)
20. The symbol of Neptune.
22. Our winter headgear.
23. Accustoms, acclimatizes.
26. A measure of weight.
27. Canine
28. Some of it (French).
29. Advertisement.
30. Of (French).
33. Perceive.
34. A girl's name.

The solution of this puzzle will be found on page 120.

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R. J. HAMILTON, B.A., *Manager*

Term Notes

THE CAROL SERVICE

In 1934 an innovation in Christmas Chapel service was introduced, in the form of an entirely musical one. With the exception of a duet from Bach by violin and organ, this consisted entirely of carols by the school.

These carols included one or two of the standard carols, which remain the favourites of every one, but the others were chosen from a collection which included French, French-Canadian, German, Old English, etc. Some dated as far back as 1200 A.D.

They were immensely interesting not only on account of unusual musical setting, but because their texts were in the form of those earlier days.

They were enthusiastically sung by the boys and were listened to by an audience of parents and friends which completely filled the chapel.

The singers were divided into three groups—the main school, cantors consisting of a dozen boys specially chosen, and trebles consisting of about twenty little fellows whose voices were still soprano.

From comments of parents and others it was evident that the service was greatly enjoyed.

This year's service will be similar in character, but a number of entirely new carols displace some of last year's.

The service appears likely to become a regular Christmas event and undoubtedly has been of great benefit, musically and otherwise, to the school.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

We are very pleased to announce that public speaking is to receive a place in the school curriculum. Beginning next term the members of the three upper forms will be required to deliver a speech of about five minutes length before the entire school. Members of the Upper Six will be asked to make two speeches.

The training and experience which this opportunity for speaking in public will provide should be of inestimable value to everyone.

* * * *

Several additions have been made to the School Library through the generosity of friends of the school. We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Ladies' Guild, who, through Mrs. Newton Rowell, donated

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several volumes; also Mrs. Victor Diver, who gave "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom", and Mrs. J. C. Christie, who donated a number of books by Rafael Sabatini.

* * * *

The North York Beagle Hunt has been kind enough to invite those members of the school who are interested to hunt with them every Saturday. Thanks are due to Mr. Snowden, the owner of the pack, for this invitation, which already has been accepted by many of us.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. R. Allen of the Hollywood Theatre, Toronto, who is an old boy of the school, we had the good fortune and pleasure of seeing the picture, Maria Chapdelaine, which was produced entirely in French. The story deals with the life of a simple French-Canadian girl in the north of Quebec, and of her struggle for existence.

The pathos of the tale was, however, mitigated by the various asides of the audience. For instance, during one poignant love scene, was heard, "I thought that this was an educational picture." After a particularly long harangue between the rivals for the hand of Maria, somebody remarked in an audible undertone: "When are they going to say something?" The audience was visibly stirred by the death of the hero, which is not according to the best traditions of the American film industry. However, a generous round of applause was given when at the end Maria was betrothed to one of her friends of long standing.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Allen for his kindness and the management of the Aurora theatre for their co-operation in giving us the chance of seeing the picture.

* * * *

The Old Boys at Saint Andrew's enjoyed a very interesting evening on Friday, December 6, when the New Boys of the Upper School kindly gave an exhibition of literary and vocal talent. The Stein Song, Abdul the Bulbul Amir, and ΑΝΔΡΙΖΕΣΘΕ, ΚΡΑΤΑΙΟΤΣΘΕ greatly enhanced the interest of the program. The descriminating audience applauded again and again the future Tibbet's and Martini's of the College. Saint Andrew's has always been noted for its fine musical abilities, but after this distinguished concert innumerable possibilities are foreseen for quartettes, sextettes, and quintuplets.



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THE SWIMMING TEAM

At the conclusion of the Soccer Season the swimming team was again organized, and with most of last year's team still in the school, everyone is looking forward to a fine season. This year the team is directed by both Mr. Griffiths and Mr. W. B. Ross, under whom the boys are progressing rapidly. More boys are turning out for the team this year than last, but what we have gained so far in quantity, we appear to have lost in quality.

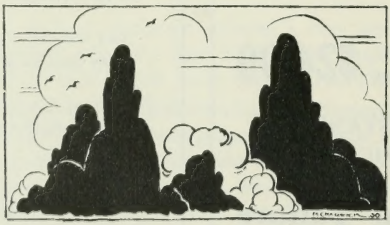
Up to going to press there have been no swimming meets, but our team has been invited by Western University to a return match at Hart House on December 14th. With a more experienced team this year, one may expect a very thrilling contest, since the two teams were so evenly matched in the previous engagement. Everyone is training hard for this meet and looking forward to many more after Christmas.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

A great deal of interest has been shown this year by both the Lower and Upper Schools in the Arts and Crafts shop. The Lower school boys have been fortunate enough to obtain regular periods during the week for instruction and the objects already finished show us how much this work has done to foster self-expression. The boys of the General Form have, in connection with school work, constructed practical scientific instruments.

Through the kindness of the friends of the school, and the help given by Mr. Griffiths the Arts and Crafts has made an auspicious beginning this autumn term.

C. W. T.



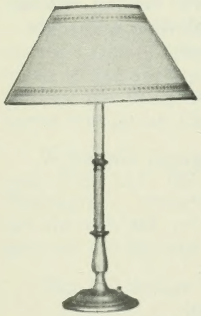
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Exchanges

In commenting on the various exchanges it is hard to criticize justly in a few lines. We try to mention the good points as well as those which might be improved.

We would like to see more magazines remark on their exchanges in addition to merely mentioning them.

St. Peter's College Magazine—Adelaide, Australia. You might enlarge your literary department and include a few pictures. Otherwise no great criticism to be made.

Acadia Athenæum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S. One of the finest of our exchanges. All departments above reproach.

Acta Ridleiana—Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont. Good material and interesting, but arrangement might be improved.

The Limit—Loughborough College, England. Certainly one of our best overseas exchanges. Your articles are excellent. Cartoons and jokes far above the average.

The Albanian—St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont. A fine magazine and well arranged. Wouldn't a few jokes add to its interest?

Lower Canada College Magazine—Lower Canada College, Montreal, Quebec. A few pictures would enliven the pages of an otherwise excellent magazine.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges:

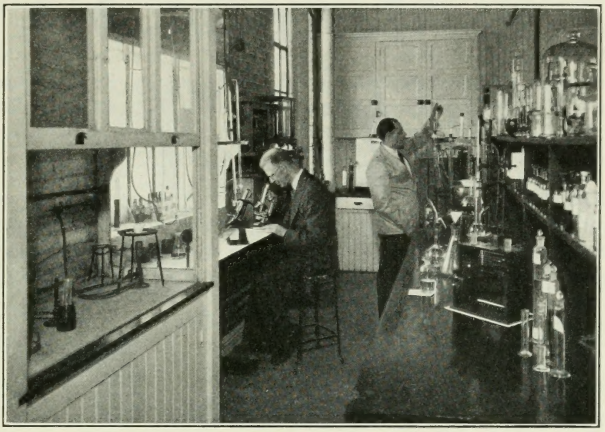
The Grove Chronicle—Lakefield Preparatory School.
University of Toronto Monthly.
The Argosy Weekly—Mount Allison, Sackville, N.B.
The Record—Trinity College School, Port Hope.
The Trinity University Review.
The Wulfranian—Wolverhampton School, England.
The Harrovian—Harrow School, England.
The Mitre—University of Bishop's College, Que.
Red and Gray—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

AS OTHERS SEE US

(Our Mid-Summer Edition)

"The Hermes"—"We thank you for the copy of your fine magazine. We certainly liked "Thy Servant—Our King". You are to be congratulated on your work.

"Red and Gray"—"Still ranks among our best."



The above photograph shows part of the Analytical and Research Department of the United Drug Company of Toronto, the home of REXALL REMEDIES, PURETEST PRODUCTS, LORIE TOILETRIES, etc. Here, under most up-to-date conditions, are manufactured over 4,000 drug store products, which are supplied EXCLUSIVELY to Rexall Drug Stores.

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COMMENT

The following paragraph appeared on the literary page of the Toronto Globe for June 22, 1935, and refers to the Mid-Summer edition:

Lively and informative on a wide variety of subjects, printed on coated paper with excellent illustrations, the Mid-Summer Review from St. Andrew's will make a strong appeal to students and ex-students alike. It contains some twenty-nine well-written contributions, including prose articles, verse and a generous allotment to sports.

Extract from a letter received from Mr. Walton, President of the Aurora Board of Trade: ". . . . You are to be congratulated on your fine publication. It is the best that has come off the press since the school has been situated in Aurora. . . ."

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Recess
4. Flank
8. Aerials
10. Trim
11. Ski
12. Of
13. Niche
14. Art
15. Old
16. Won
18. Inert
21. Satin
24. Newer
25. And
27. Demur
29. Plus
31. On
32. Resnap
35. Dee
36. Ewe
37. De
38. Posse
39. Aghast

DOWN

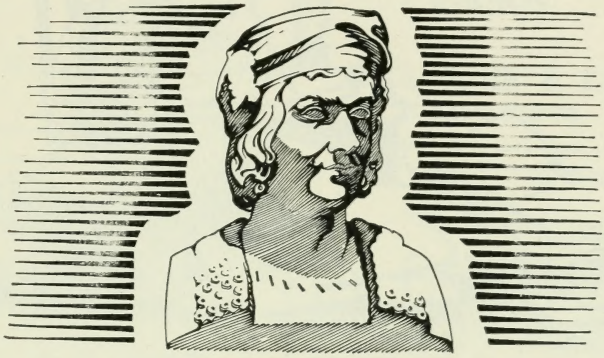
1. Rectors
2. Saint Andrew's
3. Semi
4. Fish
5. Lake Winnipeg
6. Ali
7. N.S.
9. Aft
12. Or
14. Anew
17. One
19. Re
20. Trident
22. Tam
23. Inures
26. Ton
27. Dog
28. En
29. Ad
30. De
33. See
34. Ada

R. R. J.

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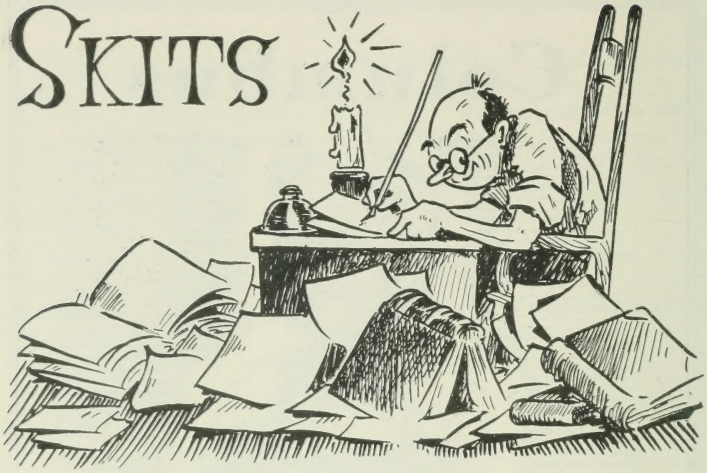
was not the only great discoverer!

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SKITS



BARTLETT: "I guess you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer.)

BARTLETT: "I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I, haven't you?"

GIRL: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

* * * * *

APPROPRIATE SONGS

"I'm living in a great big way"—Pentland.
"I won't dance"—Dickie.
"I'm working in the laundry"—Morton.
"I fell asleep at the football game"—Kilgour I.
"Where there's smoke there's fire"—Joe Skinner.
"To-night is mine"—The Night-watchman.
"I got a brand new suit"—Bartlett.
"I'm all ears"—McEachren.
"Yes, we have no bananas"—Miss Robertson.
"Lovely to look at"—Frith.

* * * * *

SHE: "Do you know why I refused you?"
HE: "I can't think."
SHE: "You guessed it."

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CHRISTIE: "Where's that chicken we ordered half an hour ago?"

WAITRESS: "It'll be here soon. The cook hasn't killed it yet, but he's got in a couple of nasty blows."

* * * * *

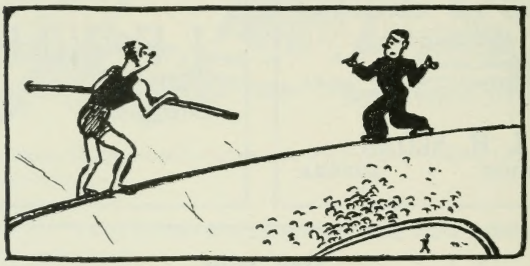
We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn to dark,
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the ark.

* * * * *

MR. ROSS: "I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately."

MR. MILLWARD: "You certainly are, if that's a sample."

* * * * *



"Excuse me, sir, you're wanted on the phone."

* * * * *

Mr. Laidlaw was practising mashie shots out in the back. "It isn't too easy," he explained to Mr. Griffiths. "I have to take a lot of trouble to get the shot just right." With that he put down another ball and addressed it carefully. There was an awful crash, and the dining-room window was wrecked.

"You took considerable panes with that one," remarked Mr. Griffiths.

* * * * *

CHAPMAN: "How are you getting along with your automobile lessons?"

FRITH: "Fine, I learned how to aim the thing to-day."

* * * * *

"Are you sure this is the man who stole your car?"

McEachren: "I was until your cross-examination. Now I don't know if I ever owned a car."

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Li'l Goity Moiphy,
She cointainly was a boid.
She lived on Toity-second Street
Right next to Toity-toid.
She read the New Yoik Joinal,
She read the New Yoik Woild,
And all the boys liked Goity,
'Cause Goity's hair was coiled.

* * * * *

An old maid was approached by a welfare worker.

"Will you subscribe for the Homeless Men fund?" asked the solicitor.

"No," snapped the old maid. "But I might consider marrying one of the men."

* * * * *

She gave up mutton, pork and beef,
She gave up aids and teas,
She gave up milk without relief,
She gave up beans and peas.
She gave up fruit and spuds and jams.
She gave up bread and toast,
She gave up herring, shrimp and clams
She 'most gave up the ghost,
She gave up powder, rouge and men,
She gave up bath and soap.
And when she weighed herself again,
She wept and gave up hope.

* * * * *

HARRIS: "Are my hands dirty, or is it my imagination?"

HOOD: "I don't know about your imagination, but your hands are clean."

* * * * *

MR. PATTERSON: "That was cottage pudding you had to-night."

HEES: "I thought so. I can still taste the plaster and wallpaper."

* * * * *

HARTER: "I want a hair cut."

BARBER: "Which one."

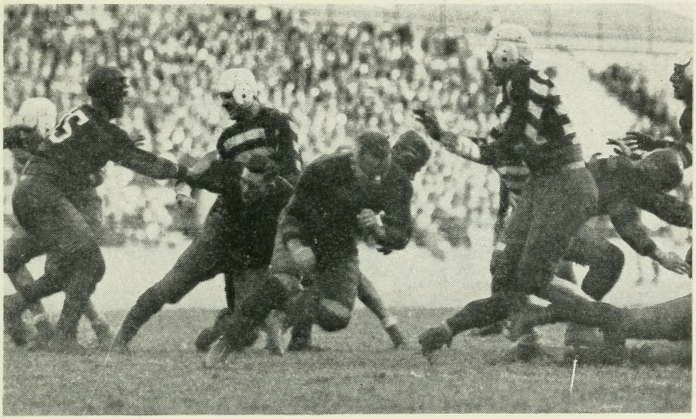
* * * * *

MR. GOODMAN: "This is a dangerous experiment; we may go up any minute. Come a bit nearer so you will follow me closely."

* * * * *

SOPER: "Yes, the fish was too small to bother about, so I got two men to throw it back again."

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MR. DOWDEN (at target practice): "These bullets would pierce a foot of wood; so keep your heads down."

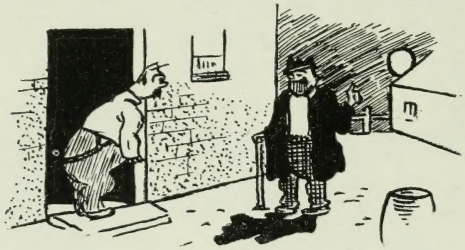
* * * * *

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed such harmless frolic;
Here he lies, right at your feet,
He died of painter's colic.

* * * * *

MERNER: "Do you know what it's like to starve?"
CARR: "No, but I'm learning."

* * * * *



Farmer (aroused at 1 a.m.): "Well, what's the matter."
Tramp: "Sorry to trouble you, but I'm sleeping in your barn tonight, and I want to be wakened at seven sharp."

* * * * *

MR. ROSS: "Well, are you going to fight for your country if there's another war?"
DICKIE: "No, I live in the city. Why should I fight for the country?"

* * * * *

FINLAY: "You took long enough at supper."
MORTON: "Yeh I was waiting for the mustard to cool."

* * * * *

HOLTON: "Where does that railroad go?"
RAILROAD WORKER: "It doesn't. We keep it here to run trains on."

* * * * *

UPPER SCHOOL SKITS

They walked in the lane together;
The sky was covered with stars;
They reached the gate in silence;
He lifted down the bars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how;
For he was just a farmer's boy,
And she—a Jersey cow.

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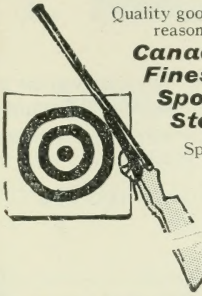
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DENTIST

AURORA

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These are the firms which have made possible the financial success of the St. Andrew's College Review of this year. We take this opportunity of extending our thanks to them for their co-operation, and strongly advise all our readers to patronize them whenever possible.

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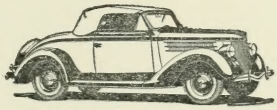
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